

Sports Illustrated

JULY 15, 1963 25 CENTS




MY GAME AND YOURS

by ARNOLD PALMER

A UNIQUE CONCEPT OF GOLF

First of a five-part series

A color photograph of a man and a young girl in a swimming pool. The girl, on the left, has blonde hair with a red bow and is wearing a white swimsuit. She is smiling and looking at the man. The man, on the right, has dark hair and is smiling broadly, looking at the girl. They are both in the water, with their heads and shoulders above the surface. The background is a clear blue sky.

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Next week

OUR FIGHT PREVIEW shows why Sonny Liston is the heavy favorite. But drawings based on the Chicago fight photographs reveal a strategy that could win for Floyd Patterson.

HARDEST-HITTING INFELD in 30 years belongs to the '63 Cardinals, and the key man is Dick Groat, the shortstop St. Louis has been searching for since Marty Marion retired.

A RACING YAWL turns into a lazily wandering vagabond as Carleton Mitchell cruises his famed *Fawcett* over the waters that lie between Long Island Sound and Cape Cod.

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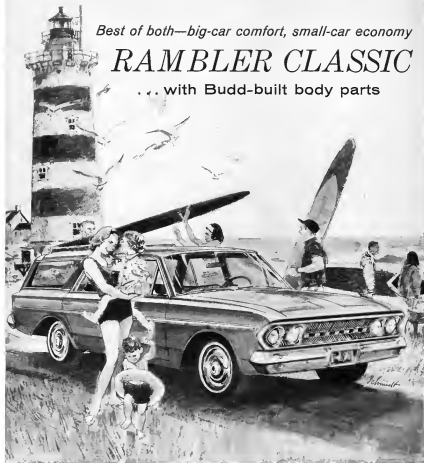
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SKEET SHOOTING

Events through July

JULY 12-15

Windy City Silver Anniversary Open, Palos Gun Club, Palos Heights, Ill.

JULY 13

General Joe Kelly Open, Scott Rod & Gun Club, Scott Air Force Base, Belleville, Ill.
Hamilton Rod & Gun Club Shoot, Hamilton Air Force Base, Calif.

JULY 15-16

Colorado State Championships, Ent Air Force Base Rod & Gun Club, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Hartford Open and Connecticut State and Open 12-gauge Championships, Hartford Gun Club, Farmington, Conn.

Great Lakes Open, Ted's Blue Rock Gun Club, Warren, Mich.

St. Louis Open, St. Louis Skeet & Trap Club, St. Louis.

Summertime Open, Fennwood Shooting Park, Bellevue, Ohio.

JULY 16

Lincoln Gun Club Open, Lincoln, Neb.
New Pioneer Gun Club Open, Des Moines.
Sunflower Gun Club Open, Colwich, Kans.

JULY 16-21

Northwest Skeet Association Championships, Twin City-Hopkins Gun Club, Hopkins, Minn.

JULY 20-21

Hawaii State Championships, Honolulu Skeet Club, Honolulu.

New Mexico State Championships and Sand Open, Sandoz Air Force Base, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Mid-West Open, Sportman Rod & Gun Club, Capton, Ohio.

Quincy Open, Quincy Gun Club, Quincy, Ill.

Stockton Open, Stockton-Waterloo Gun Club, Stockton, Calif.

JULY 21

Blue Stem Open, White Eagle Gun Club, Augusta, Kans.

Convair Open, Convair Gun Club, Gillespie Field, El Cajon, Calif.

Crooked Creek Conservation & Gun Club Open, Indianapolis.

Lincoln Air Force Base Gun Club Invitation, Lincoln, Neb.

Vehicle City Open, Genesee Sportsman Club, Flint, Mich.

JULY 24

Pioneer Open, Holladay Gun Club, Holladay, Utah.

JULY 25-26

Central Michigan Championships, Tri-City Gun Club, Midland, Mich.

Bar 5 Two-Day Open, Bar 5 Gun Club, Eureka, Kans.

Seaside Open, Fort Ord Rod & Gun Club, Fort Ord, Calif.

JULY 28

Heatwave Open, Fennwood Shooting Park, Bellevue, Ohio.



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Photographs taken at ERIE, Michigan Test Track and Proving Ground.

McGahill goes flat out to test the Mohawk Ultimeo at high speed. "True as an arrow at all speeds," he reports. "Roadability is tops with no side sway or crabbing... excellent get-away traction. You could drive these tires all day long at turnpike speeds with complete ease of mind and comfort."

Ride with McCahill while he test drives Mohawk's advanced new tire

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SCORECARD

THE GREAT ARTIFICER

One of the most romantic names in boxing in its Golden Age of a few decades ago was that of Jack Kearns, as he was known to the public, Doc Kearns as he was known to friends, or John Leo McKernan as he was born and christened. It was rather symbolic of his career that he should have had three names. He had at least as many personalities, all of them roughly charming, all perfectly controlled to cope with the situation of the moment. When he died this week at an age (80) that he persistently denied, he still was filled with dreams of exploits that would match his triumphs in prizefighting—in which he managed such great champions as Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Jackie Fields, Joey Maxim and, to an extent, Archie Moore.

At the end he wanted to lead a labor union of all professional athletes—prizefighters, of course, but also jockeys, baseball players, football players, golfers, and what have you. He would thus have become the czar of professional sport. To this end, he studied at the feet of, naturally, Jimmy Hoffa. He had been turned down by more respectable labor leaders. "Over my dead body," said President George Meany of the merged AFL-CIO, when Kearns broached the idea to him.

Kearns was trying, at the same time, the biggest con of all. He sensed the advance of Death and he sought to talk Death out of it. Asked his age, he would underestimate it and speak glowingly of his golf game. One of the great champagne swiggers of an earlier time, he abandoned the cup. At the last, he did all the right things—but the oldest trick in fate's bag outwitted him.

Well, come to think of it, perhaps not. Doc is still one of sport's immortals.

SPECTER HAUNTING BASEBALL

For the next few years, baseball's club owners, who care as much about soccer as they care about polo, will be studying the European football game as biologists might study a strange and dangerous virus, seeking to prevent its spread. For

Britain's High Court has ruled that the peonage system by which soccer players are tied to one team until traded (without their consent and often against their wishes) is illegal.

In American baseball, justification for the same system has rested on the argument, which has a sensible ring, that the end of peonage would be the end of many a baseball club, that the best players would be bought up by the richer clubs and that the less wealthy teams would be depleted of talent, perhaps forced to disband. Even so, the system runs counter to both the British and American sense of justice—though it has been upheld from time to time in American courts.

Now there will be opportunity to see whether it works for the betterment or the impoverishment of a game that is organized very much along baseball's lines. And to speculate where the wealthy New York Mets and Houston Colt .45s would be in the standings if they were able to bid for players in a free market.

EXILE TO PARADISE

A strange new gimmick is sweeping Texas as professional wrestling, which could use a little sweeping. It is agreed before a bout that the loser will leave Texas.

The other night a stranger rode into town, tilted his hat for a better look at a poster advertising a wrestling card, and, in an unmistakable Oklahoma drawl, asked, "Why the loser?"

MORNING LINE AT VEGAS

Officially retired from his odds-making business a month or so ago, James (Jimmie the Greek) Snyder of Las Vegas has—in order to keep his mind in trim and as a favor to us—come up with what he considers proper man-to-man betting odds on the heavyweight championship fight between Sonny Liston and Floyd Patterson. In man-to-man betting, says Jimmie, the odds favor Liston at 5½ to one. They are even that Patterson does not last a full five rounds. And, most unusual, Jimmie has gone to the lengths of figuring out what the odds are that Liston will knock out Patter-

son in any one of the scheduled 15 rounds. They go like this:

First, 15 to 1 (meaning Liston is a 15-to-1 underdog to knock out Patterson in the first round, so that you put up \$1 to win \$15 if you think Liston can repeat his Chicago performance). Thereafter, with Liston the underdog all the way through, if you pick him to win in any particular round, it runs:

2nd, 5 to 1	3rd, 3 to 1
4th, 3 to 1	5th, 3 to 1
6th, 10 to 1	7th, 10 to 1
8th, 20 to 1	9th, 20 to 1
10th, 25 to 1	11th, 30 to 1
12th, 30 to 1	13th, 30 to 1
14th, 40 to 1	15th, 100 to 1

We gather that Jimmie figures it probably will end with Liston winning in the third or fourth round and, since he has not bothered to put his mind to it, that the odds on Patterson winning in any particular round would be expressed in googols.

GOODEY TO ALL THAT

The world record landlocked salmon (22 pounds, eight ounces) was taken from Sebago Lake in Maine just 56 years ago this August. But in August 1963 let no man be so foolish as to assemble his tackle, pack his gear and hie off to Maine in hope of catching a Sebago landlock of even respectable size. Last fall, during the spawning run at Sebago, biologists were unable to net a single salmon that weighed more than four pounds. During the previous year salmon from four to 10 pounds had been netted. And this year biologists were unable to find minnows on the Sebago shoreline. The lake, the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation concluded, after examining salmon sent to it by the Department of Inland Fisheries and Game, has "collapsed" as a sport-fishing locale. Once it was so magnificent that anglers regarded its plenitude of smallmouth bass as a nuisance because they struck so voraciously at lures intended for salmon.

Reason for the collapse? The abuse of pesticides—indiscriminate, careless and reckless abuse. The DDT in 10 Sebago salmon analyzed by the Wisconsin group ranged from 0.5 parts per million to 2 parts per million. A lethal dose is 1.7 parts per million. (The scourge is not, of course, confined to Maine. A week or so ago, Canadian scientists said the tributaries of the famous Miramichi river had lost a million Atlantic salmon smolts from excessive use of spraying chemicals.)

Four bills were introduced into the

continued

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Maine legislature this session—all aimed at spraying control. Two of the bills were defeated in both houses as farmers, paper companies and utilities (which spray along their wire routes) voiced opposition. The other two were withdrawn as impossible of passage. "The bill had no chance." Representative Malcolm Berman said of his own withdrawn offering. "It would have gone before the Committee on Natural Resources, which had an employee of a paper company as its senate head and a farmer as its house head." The bill's modest proposal: that pesticides be dumped no closer than 20 feet from stream or pond. Farmers, it seems, have been tossing used pesticide containers in the water.

So, fishermen, forget about Sebago—and Ossipee Lake, Roxbury Pond and many another fine Maine body once abounding in salmon, smallmouths, trout, pickerel and perch. We hope, though, that the Maine legislature won't forget that the state derives large revenues from sporting tourists and that it has an obligation of special decency to preserve its natural treasures—not only for the people of Maine but for all the people of the United States, too.

VANQUETTA IN THE BUSH

The Yankee hater (we're talking about baseball, not the Civil War) is a special case in the psychology of sport, a type who despises the sweet smell of success and would rather lose betting against the Yankees than win betting on them. That is the way it often turns out, too.

Hatred of the Yanks is not confined to fans. It exists among the players also, especially among pitchers. One of these is Frank Lary, the Detroit Tiger star who was sent down to Knoxville of the Class AA South Atlantic League several weeks ago to work his troubled arm back into major league form. (He has since returned to Detroit.) Lary carried with him his detestation of the Yanks, against whom he holds a 28-11 record.

During a recent game at Charlotte, N.C., Lary was approached by a park employee. "Mr. Lary," the man said, "I'm not a Detroit fan, but I sure would like to have your autograph." Lary scribbled his name on a scorecard.

"Say," the man said brightly, "my son is named for Mickey Mantle. Could you make this 'To Little Mick'?"

"No," Lary said, eyes glued to the field, "I couldn't."

And then, with only the faintest trace of a bitter smile flavoring the acid on his tongue, he added: "Besides, with a name like that, the kid will never be any good."

RULES OF GOLF, TEXAS STYLE

By no means one of the world's finest golfers, Sheriff Slim Gabrel of Ector County, Texas is one of the winningest—just so he gets a proper handicap of six. Six shots from his six-shooter, that is.

He got that handicap, a stroke a hole and some other minor advantages in a foursome match not long ago. The basic idea was that Sheriff Slim could fire his pistol six times during the 18 holes, choosing his own time to do the shooting.

He used the pistol for the first time on the first tee, just as Opponent Cecil Russell started his downswing. Badly shaken, Russell reached the green of the par-4 hole in nine. That first shot was the last Slim had to fire during the match. Symptomatically, he announced that he would ease up on the opposition by using a



kind of Russian roulette system over the remaining holes. He explained that he was removing all but one bullet from his revolver and, on each tee, would spin the cylinder. Then, on an opponent's downswing, he would pull the trigger.

Actually, he had taken all the bullets out. But the click as the hammer fell on an empty chamber—and the tense anticipation of a possible blast—proved as effective as an explosion. Without having to waste any more ammo, Slim and his partner won easily.

ROMY USES HIS NOODLE

Each year Monsignor John (Romy) Romaniello, an American missionary of the Maryknoll Fathers, distributes 12 million pounds of noodles to Chinese in the Hong Kong area, where he is stationed.

Raw materials for the noodles—wheat flour and cornmeal—are provided through the U.S. Food for Peace Program. Since Chinese refugees had no facilities for converting the raw materials, Romy invented a noodle machine that processes daily food for some 65,000 Chinese. He also invented a technique for raising a bit of extra money when funds run low, as they do. The technique is golf.

In his book *Freedom Bridge* (Coward-McCann, Inc., \$4.95) Author Bill Surface reports that Father Romaniello, who is in his 60s but shoots in the low 80s, may mostly be found at a golf course near the Red China border. There he lies in wait to bait visitors into playing him a round for "5100 a game," which is \$17.50 in U.S. currency. Romy rarely loses, but when he does it is with a grand display of indignation. "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?" he snaps. "Taking noodles from hungry little refugee children!" In this game, win or lose, you pay. If suckers are in poor supply in Hong Kong, Romy takes off to scout a few in Manila and Japan.

The noodles furnish fine calories but are deficient in animal protein. The other day Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior, sat Romy down to a luncheon in Washington. The dish: noodles, but noodles with a difference. They were made with the same old wheat and cornmeal but were fortified with fish protein concentrate (FPC), a substance that Udall believes can help fill the world's hunger gap. Any old trash fish, ordinarily thrown away, can be used to make FPC—light, easily transported and all but impervious to spoilage. Udall estimates that unharvested fish in U.S. waters alone would supply enough FPC to provide supplemental animal protein "for one billion people for 300 days at a cost of less than half a cent a day per person."

Romy is going to Hong Kong (stopping off at a macaroni makers' convention) with a new idea in his noodle—FPC.

THEY SAID IT

• Bobby Bragan, Milwaukee manager on Catcher Joe Torre: "I can't understand why he hasn't been nicknamed 'Chicken.' Don't you get it? Chicken Catcher Torre."

• Abe Lemons, Oklahoma City University basketball coach, on recruiting: "I'm going to Kentucky and Indiana to see a couple of prospects. That's a 900-mile trip—and then I have to act like I just happened to drop in." **END**

BETTER THAN FANCY

Gold lamé panties were strictly taboo and only virgin white was permitted on the courts at Wimbledon. But the efforts of those in charge to restore an oldtime look of stuffy respectability to this queen of tennis tournaments somehow failed again. The stars of the show this year turned out to be two flamboyant young Americans addicted to sliding across the hallowed courts on

the seats of their unadorned pants.

The first of these was blond, chunky Charles (Chuck) McKanley, who looks less like a tennis player than a wirehaired terrier trying to catch a rat. After several disappointments in the past—he lost in the 1961 finals to Australia's Rod Laver in 55 minutes flat—this reformed and penitent onetime "bad boy" of international tennis went straight to the top of

the ladder without losing a single set, the first American to win at Wimbledon since Tony Trabert in 1955.

One obvious explanation of McKanley's relatively easy victory was the elimination by others of the two competitors he feared most: Australia's top-seeded Roy Emerson, who was knocked out in the quarter-finals by a virtually unknown German named Wilhelm Bungert, and

Photographs by Gerry Cronin

Stealing the show from more famous names, Billie Jean Moffitt



PANTS

In the dead-white world of Wimbledon, the flamboyant play of two young Americans produced all the color and excitement that this ancient queen of tennis tournaments could jolly well stand
by JOHN LOVESEY

Spain's nervous and sometimes brilliant Manuel Santana, the No. 2 seed, who bowed to Aussie Fred Stolle in the semi-finals. Less obvious was the training strategy that brought McKinley to Wimbledon in peak form—a strategy used successfully by Jack Kramer in 1947. In a series of pre-Wimbledon tournaments, McKinley concentrated less on ultimate victory than on practicing under com-

petitive conditions, sharpening his game and his mental attitude for the big one ahead. As a result, he won none of the minor tournaments but arrived at Wimbledon relaxed, eager, confident and with his often volatile temper under control.

After reaching the top without having to face a single seeded competitor, McKinley found himself matched in the finals against possibly the only tennis

player in all Australia with a sense of humor. When not playing tennis—which he considers a game and therefore an activity not to be taken too seriously—Fred Stolle works in a bank and plans to make that his real career. "There's more future in it than in stringing rackets," he says. Stolle's father, who taught him to play, claims he lacks the ability to concentrate, but Fred says he solved

continued

gained added stature as the top upset artist in the game, while Chuck McKinley became the first American to win at Wimbledon since 1955.



that this year by watching his feet. "Fletcher [another Aussie] beat me the last two times before playing at Wimbledon because I used to watch his antics on the court. This time I decided there was only one thing to do, and that was to copy Emerson. Every time you hit a ball and the point is finished, just look at your feet."

While Stolle fixed his eyes on his feet, young McKinley glared at him and pep-

McKinley, wrote the austere and faintly disapproving tennis correspondent of *The Times*, won the match like "some American tycoon, a battery of a dozen telephones on his desk, tidying up an important deal."

If Chuck McKinley resembled (which he really did not) a big wheel concluding a deal in U.S. business, the other top star of the tournament resembled nothing so much as an eager office girl suddenly left alone to mind the store when all the executives are out playing golf. Efferves-

cence," admits a friend at Los Angeles State College. "She loves hot fudge sundaes and she's not supposed to have them." Despite this weakness, Jilly Bean, as her friends call her, rates high with her teammates, both male and female, on the LA State tennis team. "She's a ball," said one of them. "She's real fun. She can twist up a storm, she putters and dinks around a piano at a party and she loves to play basketball."

Alice Marble, a Californian who is no stranger to Wimbledon herself, some-



Intense, nearsighted, endlessly shouting, talking, laughing, mugging, darting, scurrying

pered the court with a wild assortment of drives and lobs. "Fortunately, I found my touch before I red did," said McKinley, whose manners as well as his game showed considerable improvement over '61. "My shots were a little astray because I was nervous, but not nearly so far astray as when I played Laver. If Fred had been serving real well I'd have been in trouble." But, said Stolle, "all my good serves were knocked right back down my throat." After a hard-fought first set the result was an easy McKinley win at 9-7, 6-1, 6-4.

cent, energetic Billie Jean Moffitt hadn't even been a year earlier by knocking out top-seeded Margaret Smith in her very first match. The best measure of her impact on British fans during this year's tournament lay in the clipped admission of one stiffly proper English lady that "I do hope she was, even though she is an American."

Billie Jean, the daughter of a fireman in Long Beach, Calif., stands 5 feet 6 inches tall, has brown hair, light blue eyes, a small impertinent nose and a weight problem. "She's got one real

times tutors Billie Jean. "I remember her from the first time I ever met her," says Alice. "She was about 16, a fine tennis player, a tomboy and a gal who played a great game of touch football. Now all of a sudden she has grown up."

Billie's new maturity showed itself first in England a few weeks ago when she dragged her teammate, Darlene Hard, along to America's first victory in the newly established Federation Cup. Last year at Wimbledon, Billie Jean hammed it up all over the place, yelling encouragement to herself at every stroke.

This year she has been somewhat quieter—for two reasons. One is that she is suffering a slight difficulty in breathing that she hopes to remedy later with a sinus operation. The other is that she has discovered she can concentrate better by not talking so much.

During the past winter Billie, who never approaches anything casually, spent 15 minutes of every day staring intently at nothing through her thick-lensed glasses and thinking about how to improve her concentration on the tennis

Bueno. She needed only two sets to finish off Maria, and by that time all England was secretly rooting for her. Next came Ann Haydon Jones, currently the best of the British girls, the tournament's No. 3 seed and the one who finally knocked Billie Jean out of Wimbledon in 1962. Ann had just won the British Hard Courts and was a finalist in Paris. With her customary everything-to-win-and-nothing-to-lose attitude, Billie Jean tore into the match, and in two sets interrupted by rain at a crucial point

rain is common, so the disappointed crowd sat waiting for four hours in the downpour, hoping the match might go on. When the postponement finally was announced many filed right back to the box office to queue in the rain again.

Even a legendary David cannot go on slaughtering Goliaths indefinitely, however, and Billie Jean was not yet quite a legend. By Monday morning the rain had stopped, leaving the center court in the grip of a chill damp, and in this atmosphere reality reasserted itself. Twice



and winning. Billie Jean Moffitt captured hearts and matches alike.

court. The homework paid rich dividends at Wimbledon, where, despite her upset victory of last year, she was once again unseeded.

In three of the five matches that took her to the finals, Billie Jean—unlike her countryman, Chuck McKinley—faced seeded players. After beating unseeded Len Pericoli of Italy in three tough sets, she found herself facing Australia's second-best woman player and the tournament's No. 2 seed, Lesley Turner. Jilly Bean ousted this giant and then went on to face the No. 7 seed, Brazil's Maria

she reversed history with an attack that never let up. "She killed me last year," shouted the bouncy little Californian when the match was over, "but I got on top of the net today!"

By that time Margaret Smith, once more seemingly invincible, had disposed of Darlene Hard in straight sets, and the stage was set for a replay of the David-Goliath match in women's dress. Then, England being England, it rained, and for the first time in 36 years the concluding matches were postponed.

Rainchecks are as rare in England as

cheated of victory at Wimbledon, Margaret Smith, who has earned the right to be called the world's best woman player with far more victories in far more tournaments than little Jilly Bean, took the measure of her opponent from the start. In a smashing display of power that left the other girl helpless, Miss Smith took the match and the championship in straight sets, 6-3, 6-4, to become the first Australian woman ever to win at Wimbledon. As for Billie Jean, the upset kid, even in defeat there was glory enough to spare for her.

END



Touring Pro Tracy Moore, suitably attired for any links, bows in professional agony while putting's only kid, Neil Connor, who finished an upsetting 27th, looks on.

With \$10,000 at stake on the shot, winner John Spotts ignores both the pressing gallery and the pressure as he pars the final hole.

Putter-thin Vernon Taylor misses chance for an ace on treacherous "target" hole. Ball will now roll down slope to a green at the left.





Photo by John F. Sullivan

WAY UNDER PAR IN A PARKING LOT

A 20-year-old professional putter shoots 100 holes in one to win a \$50,000 tournament at a shopping center by PEGGY DOWNEY

Ben Hogan, whose miseries on the greens pushed him into virtual retirement, has long claimed that golf and putting are two different games. Last week in a parking lot in suburban Cleveland a group of athletes who couldn't agree with him more competed for \$50,000 in the National Putting Championship. Some of them had not hit a golf ball farther than 40 feet in their lives, but when it came to the delicate maneuvers of the game long and gloriously known as miniature golf, they were practiced masters.

The field was largely made up of members of the Professional Putter's Association, a subsidiary of an organization that has franchised 330 Putt-Putt courses throughout the U.S. The PPA runs a professional tour for putters. This year it has scheduled five tournaments, with the event last weekend at the Great Northern Shopping Center in North Olmstead, Ohio as its answer to giant golf's U.S. Open.

The PPA's Great Northern course shimmered in the heat between a Sears store and a hot-dog stand as 231 putters assembled from 31 states to try to win the \$10,000 first prize. Deadly serious about the whole thing—and for that kind of money, why not?—many of the contestants arrived days early to practice on the 36-hole layout, which measures 260 brisk strides, not counting water barriers, bump boards, built-in mounds and a wrought-iron Putt-Putt sign. Each hole was about 30 feet, and its par was 2. "I've memorized every blade of grass," said one tense putter after much practice. He meant he had memorized every fiber of the carpet, the

surface of all Putt-Putt course greens being synthetic material stretched over undulating concrete.

The professional putters came in all shapes and ages—oldest, 61; roundest, 4 feet. They were college students, postal carriers, mechanics, salesmen and a terminate exterminator. There was also the PPA's big name, Neil Connor, a wispy 21-year-old from Greenville, S.C. who wears a straw hat, has a stroke as smooth as a cobra's weave and who has won \$16,500 with his putting. He is dangerously close to being a putting superstar—there is a PPA putter that bears his endorsement. As one contestant at Great Northern put it: "Arnold Palmer is my idol, but Neil Connor is my idol here."

Connor's financial success helped the putting tour grow. "At first I thought it was a fad," said Vernon Taylor of High Point, N.C., who left his job in a furniture company to go into putting. "But it's not. We're not crazy. We're blazing a trail."

The trailblazer of them all proved to be John Spotts, a thin, freckled, 20-year-old student at Belmont Abbey College in North Carolina. Plunking in an ace on the next to last hole, he won the 1963 National Putting Championship by a single stroke. He sank a phenomenal 38 holes in one in his final 72 holes, while posting only two bogeys and one double bogey. He came from so far out of contention that his competition did not see Spotts before its eyes until the very end. And even Palmer, a pretty good putter himself (see page 28), may shudder to learn that Spotts had to be 86 under par in his 216 holes to earn the \$10,000 first prize.

END





Pennsylvania, O.K.!

Until recently, Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) was on record as an enthusiastic fisherman who stumped for the superiority of the wild rivers of the West as the best source of fighting trout—"Damndest big browns you've ever seen! And those huge potbellied rainbows!" But to prove his point, Barry had to try the "dinky streams" of Pennsylvania's Poconos. His host, Outdoor Writer S. R. Slaymaker II, warned him that space is more cramped in the East, and fish more sophisticated. The Senator affixed his favorite pattern—a Royal Coachman—and using a 9½-foot rod, cast and promptly caught a tree branch (*above*). Unperturbed, he disentangled the fly, changed to a five-foot rod, tied on a Black-Nose Dace, flicked a cast and, fishing from a half-crouch, coaxed a two-pound brookie upstream and netted it (*opposite*). Senator Goldwater came away admiring Pocono streams and, of course, still maintaining his admiration for Pennsylvania's 64 convention votes.

Photographs by James Doria





A YOUNG BLOOD IN A LIVELY OLD TRADITION

When a man who spends the afternoon of his wedding day at a baseball game marries a girl who was a golf champ at 24, you can expect a couple with wide interests in sport. Meet Norman and Toni Woolworth, participants and spectators extraordinary **by GERALD HOLLAND**

Norman S. Woolworth of New Canaan, Conn. and Winthrop, Maine is a tall, 36-year-old, unfailingly good-humored sportsman of an uncommon breed. As owner of the Clearview Stable, which has its headquarters on the 1,750-acre family estate near Winthrop, Norman Woolworth is deeply committed to the tight little world of harness racing. In scarcely more than a decade in the sport, he has become a highly knowledgeable horseman and a first-rate amateur driver. Some of the great trotters and pacers of recent years—among them big money winners like Muncy Hanover, Bright Knight, Hillisota, Egyptian Princess, Sh. Boom and Porterhouse—have raced under his silver, red and blue colors. (Porterhouse, winner of the American Trotting Championship last season, defends his title at Roosevelt Raceway this Saturday.) Last month Woolworth added another star to the cast in Meadow Skipper, a 3-year-old pacer for whom he is said to have paid \$150,000.

Woolworth is a director of The Hambletonian Society, a director and vice-president of the Lexington Trot Breeders Association, a trustee of the Hall of Fame in Goshen, N.Y. He is the donor of the Norman S. Woolworth Challenge Trophy, awarded to the amateur driver scoring the most points in races around the Grand Circuit. Harness racing proudly points to him as an owner and competitor in the great tradition of E. Roland Harriman and the others who kept the sport alive at Goshen in the 1920s and 1930s. "Norman Wool-

worth," a horseman has said, "is a young blood of the old school."

What makes Norman Woolworth a rare kind of sportsman is that—deeply involved as he is in harness racing—he has not lost interest in other sports. He has not been fenced in. He remains a man who is at home almost anywhere around the sporting scene. He still races a few Thoroughbreds. He is as emotionally involved as ever with the fortunes of the New York Yankees, the New York Rangers and the New York Giants of professional football. He continues to follow the fights, to hunt, to fish, to bowl and to play a game of golf that has improved to the point where his wife Toni, who was women's Eastern champion at 24, no longer can spot him a stroke a hole.

The most active participants in any of sport's tight little worlds are usually so wrapped up in their own affairs that they have difficulty in communicating with strangers from the outside. Not Norman Woolworth. Wherever he goes, he speaks the language like a native. For example, in describing the qualities of his great pacers, Muncy Hanover and Bright Knight, for the benefit of a baseball man some years ago, Woolworth said: "Now, Muncy Hanover is a little fellow. He takes three times as many steps as anyone else. But he's fast, and he reminds me of Phil Rizzuto tearing down to first base. Bright Knight is big and powerful. He reminds me of Moose Skowron."

Woolworth could have made the qual-

ities of the pacers understood as easily in the world of books and music and the theater. His interest in the arts is as keen as his interest in sports. As a matter of fact, he is interested in so many things that he is up and about at 5 o'clock in the morning in order to have time to pursue at least some of them. Without ever appearing to be harried or hurried, he crams an amazing lot of activity into every day, keeping in touch with his New York office and has non sporting investments, consulting by telephone with his driver-trainer, Earle Avery, wherever he may be, working with Link Keene, who supervises the breeding and training programs at Clearview in Winthrop.

He is not the sort of man who ever finds himself at a loss for something to do. One day 14 years ago he came close to being immobilized for some hours. It was the day he married Elaine Antonia Fanoni of New York. The ceremony was set for 4 p.m. at New York's Plaza hotel. If he was to observe the tradition that the groom is not to see the bride before the ceremony, it meant that he was faced with several hours of nervous floor pacing. So, instead of just waiting around, he decided the right move was to catch the first game of a double-header at Yankee Stadium.

"I still think it was a sensible thing to do," he says today, "but it caused me

continued

THE WOOLWORTHS help their son, Norman Jeffrey, get acquainted with his newest gift, a pony cart converted from a sulky.



some embarrassment when Toni and I were standing in the receiving line responding to well-wishers after the ceremony. I got along fine until a close friend of mine came along and said the usual things about long life and happiness. I kept murmuring, 'Thank you, thank you,' and then I blurted out, 'Say, did you happen to hear what the Yanks did in the second game?'

Happily, Norman Woolworth could not have had a more understanding bride. Toni Woolworth is a lifelong baseball fan. Her team, at the time, was the New York Giants (there is a Woolworth horse named Say Hey Kid), but her all-time baseball idol is the Yankees' Joe DiMaggio. As a matter of fact, she shared—and continues to share—all her husband's interests in sports. Their courting included many a ball game, hockey match and prizefight as well as a generous quota of afternoons (this was before Norman's harness racing phase) at Aqueduct and Belmont. Through it all, there were only two occasions that could be called downright unromantic. One night at a prizefight a fighter's rubber mouthpiece came flying out of the ring and landed in Toni's lap. She picked it up and hurled it back at the fighter. It was a little unnerving and, at the very next fight, it seemed to happen all over again. Only this time what fell in her lap was a set of chattering teeth that Norman Woolworth had picked up in a novelty shop.

The Woolworths—Norman, Toni and their son, Norman Jeffrey—spend their winters at their Connecticut horse, which is set down on 65 acres in New Canaan, and their summers at their big, white rambling house in Winthrop. There are three other family houses on the Maine estate, which lies on the shores of Lake Umbagog. One belongs to Norman's mother, Mrs. Pauline Woolworth (his father died a year ago), another to his sister Pamela (Mrs. Bernard Combe-male), and the third is the summer residence of Norman's brother Fred, who now spends his winters as owner and operator of El Convento Hotel in Puerto Rico.

Norman Woolworth is continually being asked in sporting circles about his family's connections with the founder of the 5 & 10¢ stores. The facts are that his grandfather was a cousin of the original F. W. Woolworth and himself estab-

lished the first Woolworth stores in England. Norman's father, Norman B., tried managing a store in New London, Conn., as a very young man, did not care for the work and went off to build his own fortunes in real estate, sugar and other investments.

The Norman Woolworths were the first of the family to arrive in Winthrop this summer. They drove from New Canaan in a red station wagon which they shared with their four dogs: a beagle, a corgi, a bull mastiff and a mongrel named Lexie they had picked up as an abandoned puppy in Lexington, Ky. some years ago.

As usual, they found great activity around Clearview Stable. There seemed to be foals in almost every other stall, with more due to arrive momentarily. Mares from other owners were being brought to Clearview's stallions. Horses were being worked on the half-mile training track, including the 4-year-old twins, Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Twin births are a great rarity among Standardbreds. The odds against both surviving are astronomical. The chances of both getting to the races are so slight that even the experts will not hazard a guess at the odds. Tweedledum and Tweedledee, who were sired by the former champion, Galophone, out of Woolworth's mare Novelle Hanover, both made it.

Three-year-old Norman Jeffrey Woolworth inspected his pony Mousse, a gift from the famous owner-driver, Del Miller. Then Link Keene showed him the sulky that was being converted into a pony cart. Norman Jeffrey expressed satisfaction with both exhibits and went off with his father to catch the first fish (a perch) of his young life. Meanwhile his mother was looking over the freshly painted obstacles in the infield of the training track where she would later ride her 6-year-old jumper, Snow Goose. When nothing else was going on at the training track, Norman Woolworth himself would probably be jogging the distance on foot as part of his personal physical-fitness program.

In one of the stalls was a 19-year-old mare named Moretta. If she seemed to wear an air of proprietorship, she was entitled to it. Moretta was the cause of it all.

"My brother Fred," said Norman Woolworth, resting his elbows on a fence rail, "bought Moretta back in 1953 for \$200. She was mean then, and she's still mean. Anyway, when Fred bought her, he began to pester me to go with him

to the trots around Maine. I finally gave in and found myself becoming interested. Moretta, who hadn't raced in a couple of years because of her disposition, developed into something of a favorite with the Maine harness racing fans. They discovered that on the nights she intended to make a real effort to win she would hold her tail up high as she came on to the track for the warmups. When the tail went up she usually won, and the bettors waited for Moretta's signal before placing their bets.

"That fall Fred suggested that we go to the sales at Harrisburg, Pa. and start to build up a stable in a serious way. Well, we bought four horses for too much money and found out later that we had nothing. So then we decided we needed some expert advice. We went to see Walter Gibbons, now the general manager of the Lexington Trots, then the racing secretary of Roosevelt Raceway. We asked him to recommend a good trainer. Walter thought a couple of days and recommended Earle Avery [still Woolworth's driver-trainer at 69]. We hit it off fine with Earle, and one of his first purchases for us was a stake winner named Fiolet Mignon. We later bred her to Dave Johnston's Rodney and got Porterhouse, who won the American trotting championship and a total of \$135,086 last year. Incidentally, I named Fiolet Mignon's second foal Tenderloin. I have another horse named Lamb Chop, and I'm beginning to run out of cuts of meat."

(As Fred and Norman acquired more and more horses, their father observed their activities with a somewhat skeptical eye. Gradually he himself became interested enough to climb aboard a sulky and jog a horse now and then. But he contended that, if the truth were known, nobody was able to tell one horse from another. He got up early one morning and attempted to prove his theory. He switched several horses around to different stalls and then waited to see how long it would take the grooms to discover the deception. It took them no time at all. Mr. Woolworth had to confess his error, but he fell back to a prepared position from which he announced a new theory: chimpanzees, he said, could easily be taught to play bingo.)

Norman Woolworth walked away from the rail of the training track and sat down on the grass. He picked up a blade and nibbled it and mused aloud:

"In 1956 my brother Fred joined the syndicate that bought the Detroit Tigers

continued



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and withdrew from harness racing altogether. That left me with full responsibility for the stable. I counted up what I had. I think there were about 75 horses. I decided to sell off half of them. One I planned to sell was Betty Frost, an Adios mare we had bred to Knight Star. But at the time of the fall sale she took sick. Her foal was a puny-looking thing, so I decided against selling either one. A good thing, too. The foal picked up and turned out to be Bright Knight, who took the \$68,042 winner's share in the Empire Pace at Yonkers and has total winnings of \$142,417.

"But I believe the best horse I ever owned was Muncy Hanover. Earle Avery went with me to the yearling sales the year I bought him. I was after an Adios horse, but I was outbid on our first three choices. That left Muncy and, although he had a fine set of legs, he looked awfully small. As the bidding began, I looked at Earle. Earle said, 'Well, if you still want an Adios, you'd better go for this one and pray that he grows.' The bidding got up to \$22,000 and I bid \$23,000. Somebody bid \$24,000. I looked at Earle again. 'Norman,' he said, 'if he was worth \$23,000 to you, he ought to be worth \$25,000.' I got him for that.

"Muncy didn't grow much more, but he developed terrific speed. When he'd get out in front, the other horses would make you think of a pack of greyhounds chasing a rabbit. Muncy set stakes records in the Goshen Cup and the Ohio Standardbred Futurity and a world record for 3-year-olds when he won a heat of the Little Brown Jug in 1:58". He was retired at age 6 with total winnings of \$220,768 and is now standing at Lana Lobell in Hanover, Pa.

"Another great horse that I bought as a yearling at the auctions was Egyptian Princess. I paid only \$2,000 for her. In contrast to Muncy Hanover, she was a good-size filly, and she continued to grow in training. In 1955 she won the Hanover Shoe Filly Stake and the Walnut Hall Stud at Lexington. Next year she won the Coaching Club Trotting Oaks at Goshen, and in 1958 she won the Transylvania at Lexington and the U.S. Harness Writers Trot at Roosevelt. She was the best bet I ever had for The Hambletonian, the last one that was run at Goshen. She was a winner-book favorite and was heavily favored on the day of the race. However, in the first heat she got her left forefoot caught in

continued



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the wheel of a bike ahead of her, and at least half of her hoof was sheared off. Between heats, the blacksmith built up the injured hoof with plastic wood, but, although she was back on the track for the next heat, she finished far back and The Intruder was the winner. Of course, I don't say that the Princess would have won if she hadn't had the accident. I don't believe in second-guessing a race. She might very well have been at her best and lost anyway."

Woolworth took Egyptian Princess to France for the Prix d'Amérique in 1959 and, all being well, hopes to do the same with Porterhouse next January. Woolworth's attitude about Egyptian Princess reflects his realistic feelings about the sport in general. He does not believe in entering horses in classic races unless he feels they have a reasonable chance of winning. This year, for instance, he will probably pass up The Hambletonian, in contrast to some owners who enjoy the prestige of just having an entry in that race. The same realism is to be found in Woolworth's administration of Clearview's business affairs. Although he enjoys every minute of the sport and could afford to operate at a loss for the sheer pleasure of being in it, he wants to see black ink on the books at the end of the year. He usually does. Last year his horses won more than a quarter of a million dollars, and he has had better years than that. But he is as gracious in losing as he is in winning.

"Norman is the best loser I've ever seen," says his friend Dave Johnston, a 37-year-old textile manufacturer of Charlotte, N.C., an owner and breeder and amateur driver of Standardbreds. "I knew he was terribly disappointed when Egyptian Princess lost The Hambletonian. But he was the first man to shake the hand of The Intruder's owner, Leonard Buck." (Woolworth did more than that: he slipped a considerable bonus into the pocket of Driver Earle Avery and told him not to feel bad.)

From his vantage point at trackside on the Maine farm, Norman Woolworth watched the horses who were being worked and from time to time glanced inquiringly at Link Keene's wife, Grace, who held a stopwatch in her hand.

"The great thing about owning Standardbreds," he said after a moment, "is that you can be a participant as well as a spectator. You can work your horses and sometimes race them. You get to know

their idiosyncrasies, and so you have a better understanding of what is happening in a race. Trainers like their owners to work and drive their horses because then they don't come running down after a race and ask, 'What happened?' The owner-driver usually knows."

Woolworth chuckled. "Speaking of idiosyncrasies in horses," he said, "we've had some oddballs from time to time, but never anything to match Sh Boom, a son of Rodney bred by Dave Johnston. Sh Boom, who is now 9, raced at Lexington and Roosevelt this spring and has had total winnings of \$104,318.

"But when we first brought him here to Clearview we discovered that we had a problem on our hands. Sh Boom just didn't seem to care to race. Hitched up to a sulky he just stood there and refused to budge. Nothing we could do could persuade him to move. He was having none of it. Finally Earle Avery, Link Keene and I talked over the problem and Earle came up with a suggestion. He proposed that we hitch Sh Boom beside a workhorse and have the pair of them pull a manure wagon around. Sh Boom resisted that, too, but the big workhorse dragged him along and pretty soon it was clear that Sh Boom was ready to take up trotting. We had no further trouble with him."

That evening Norman Woolworth sat on the terrace outside the living room of the big white house. He had had a couple of tall drinks before dinner, had eaten three Maine lobsters and then had gone upstairs to hear Norman Jeffrey's prayers. Now he looked out over his acres and the great lake beyond, the picture of an utterly relaxed and thoroughly contented man. Toni Woolworth gave the four dogs a brushing and there was small talk about books and plays and horses and comic strips and motion pictures.

"What's at the drive-in?" Norman Woolworth asked suddenly.

"A couple of horror pictures," said Toni Woolworth. "They sound awful."

"Oh," said her husband. He sounded as disappointed as if movies were the one great interest of his life. But then he put the record straight.

"I'll never forget one night at that drive-in," said Norman Woolworth, compleat sportsman and the man who took in a baseball game on his wedding day. "I forget what pictures were playing there, but anyway I turned on the car radio and heard Warren Spahn pitch a no-hitter."

END



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MY GAME AND YOURS

Part I: GOOD GOLF IS A STATE OF MIND

Golf is deceptively simple and endlessly complicated. A child can play it well, and a grown man can never master it. Any single round of it is full of unexpected triumphs and seemingly perfect shots that end in disaster. It is almost a science, yet it is a puzzle without an answer. It is gratifying and tantalizing, precise and unpredictable; it requires complete concentration and total relaxation. It satisfies the soul and frustrates the intellect. It is at the same time rewarding and maddening—and it is without doubt the greatest game mankind has ever invented.

No game is as pleasantly engrossing. I am a professional who has to keep winning to keep eating. Yet I love golf so much that I sometimes forget to play it as well as I can. You see, a golf course is an intoxicating place. This is especially true in the spring of the year, when the warm

sun presses down on your shoulders, when the grass has just been mowed for the first time and lies there damp and green with its fresh-cut smell, when the sky is a deep blue and an occasional cloud drifts by so brilliantly white that it dazzles your eyes.

This was the sort of day, this was the sort of happiness that we kept waiting for all winter when I was growing up in western Pennsylvania. The winters are long and hard around Latrobe, my home town. The golf course where my father was and still is the pro usually froze over by the middle of December, and we had to content ourselves with skiing while we waited for that first perfect day to come along. We dreamed about it all winter, and we went slightly out of our minds when it finally arrived. I still have trouble keeping my feet on the ground on that kind of

The confident attitude and bold techniques of Arnold Palmer have made him the most renowned professional golfer in the world. Now for the first time he reveals the mental and physical disciplines that make up his unique concept of the game. In a five-part series he shows how all players can use the Palmer principles to increase their golfing pleasure and proficiency

BY ARNOLD PALMER

day; I want to march right up over the next hill and on and on. It is so great to be alive and playing golf, and the world is so perfect that my mind sloshes about aimlessly. I forget that the ball is there to be hit. I stare at it, its white enamel glistening in the grass, as if hypnotized. Physically I am on the golf course, but spiritually I am just floating around it in a happy daze. I have to make a deliberate effort to reach out, pull myself back to reality and get down to the business at hand.

What other people may find in poetry or art museums I find in the flight of a good drive—the white ball sailing up and up into that blue sky, growing smaller and smaller, then suddenly reaching its apex, curving, falling and finally dropping to the turf to roll some more, just the way I planned it. I even enjoy the mingled pleasure and discomfort of breaking in a new pair of golf shoes. I like the firmness of the leather, the solid feeling against the turf. Sometimes I have changed to a new pair of shoes in the middle of a tournament and have been carried away by the confidence they gave me and the excitement of the play. Not until I returned to the clubhouse would I notice that I had acquired a crop of blisters.

There are times, of course, when I get dead tired of golf. One tournament has followed another, day in and day out,

I am mentally and physically exhausted. My back aches from the constant pivoting. My shoulders hurt from the repeated jar of clubhead biting into hard ground. I cannot wait to get back home, to toss the clubs into a dark closet, to sit down and relax and forget there ever was such a game. I sit for an entire day, and no thought of golf enters my head. The second morning also passes in freedom from the tyranny of the game. But by the second afternoon I am downstairs in my shop, fiddling with that three-wood that felt a little off balance in the last round. By dinnertime I have unscrewed the bottom plate, added a drop of solder for extra weight, swung the club a dozen times, filed away half the fresh solder, found myself satisfied at last with the three-wood and begun to wonder what kind of fraction-of-an-inch alteration would make my putter feel better to me. If you are a golfer you know what I mean. If you are about to become a golfer you will soon find out.

Many people—amateurs distressed by their failure to break 100, professionals weary of the travel and the strain of having to break par every day—swear to give up golf. Almost nobody ever does.

One reason for this is the subconscious suspicion that golf is not really hard to play. No other golf book, I suspect, has ever started with the statement that golf is a simple

continued

game—or even that it is “deceptively simple,” the phrase that I have used. But here, I think, is where those of us who have been writing about golf or teaching it have made a great mistake. We have been lured into too many complexities. We have forgotten that the game began with the very elementary discovery, by a Scottish shepherd who never had a lesson in his life, that he could knock a pebble an astounding distance with a good swift lick of his shepherd's crook—and that essentially the idea of the game even today is simply to pick up a stick and hit a ball with it, as straight and as hard as possible. The trouble, I suppose, is that most people do not take as naturally to swinging a golf stick as they do to throwing a baseball or knocking a tennis ball across a net. They usually have their difficulties at the beginning, and this makes them a captive audience for anyone who has learned to play at all. The game, therefore, lends itself to doubletalk. We pros seem to be in the possession of occult secrets denied to other men, so who can blame us if we stroke our beards and begin talking about the inside-out swing, turning in a barrel, starting the backswing with the shoulders, starting the downswing with the hips, pronating the wrists and all manner of mysterious things? I have seen many golf books—you must have, too, if you have been interested in the game for any length of time—that were as difficult to read as advanced textbooks in physics.

The temptation to talk and write like oracles has been almost irresistible, and those who have succumbed to it (including me) were only being human. Unfortunately, we have done golf a disservice. We have made the game sound so difficult and so contrary to the body's natural instincts that we have surely scared away thousands of people who might otherwise have tried golf and enjoyed it. We have infected thousands of other people with inferior-

ty complexes which have inhibited them from ever playing their best and which, worst of all, have made them look upon a round of golf as an exhausting ordeal instead of a delight.

It is time now—and this is my main reason for writing this book—to get back to first principles. Golf is a game, a great and glorious game. It is played for pleasure, for the modest and natural pleasure of walking around in the good clean air and for that other exquisite pleasure of hitting that rare perfect shot. Even those of us who earn our living at the game, I can assure you, play it more for pleasure than for money.

Contrary to what many amateurs have been led to believe, the golf ball is not a natural enemy of man. It is not an evil spirit put there to confound you if you should happen to forget the merest detail in a long list of mental musts and must nots. On the contrary, it is a friendly masterpiece of engineering skill, tightly wound, beautifully covered, gifted with the possibility of reaching a great velocity and dimpled to make it fly straight and true. So the next time you go out on a golf course, forget the fancy theory, shake your inferiority complex, give the ball a good healthy whack—and enjoy yourself. If you must have rules, call this Palmer's First Law of Golf.

I learned this from my father, whom I consider one of the greatest teaching pros in the business—and a pretty fair player, too, even today at 60. My father has never pretended that golf is as complicated as the blueprints for a spacecraft. Instead he has preached this simple motto: “With a good grip, a little ability and a lot of desire, anybody can become a good golfer.”

I probably first heard this commonsense remark at the age of 4, when I began swinging a sawed-off club. It has been the entire foundation of my career, and to this day it

TEXT CONTINUES AFTER EIGHT PAGES OF COLOR

THE PRISTINE JOYS OF GOLF

The game is more than swings and scores. It is pleasing postures and graceful maneuvers repeated again and again in a ritual that excites the senses. At right: the silent, magic moment as a ball is teed up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART KANE





The elegant arc of a curving putt, etched into a morning dew





The deep-grooved wedge, cleaned as a prelude to a pitch shot



The exploding earth, signal of a strong escape from trouble





The game's warm rhythm, heightened by a bright white sun



remains the most useful thing anybody has ever told me about golf.

Let us examine the motto a little more closely. The grip is the single most important physical element in the golf swing, and the most neglected. With the help of some unique color photographs, I will describe it fully next week. There is nothing the least bit difficult about it. It is as easy to have a good grip as a bad one. Yet not one player in 50 has a good grip, even though all of the other 49 certainly could.

The necessary talent you surely have, for neither age nor physical ability is a major factor in the scoring potential of the weekend player.

That brings us to the will to excel and the will to win—attitudes that my father sums up with the one word “desire.” This mental aspect of golf is much more important than has ever been fully appreciated. It wins and loses tournaments on the pro circuit, and it plays a far larger role than physical differences in determining which amateurs will shoot in the 70s and which will keep struggling vainly to break 100. It is my earnest belief that every player has to feel that he wants to play a very good game, or else he will never play even a respectable game. So from this point on in this series you are going to read a lot about the mental part of golf.

The fundamentals of the grip and the swing are reasonably simple, even though widely misunderstood. The psychology of golf—demanding as it does its peculiar compromise between concentration and relaxation, between a fierce determination to conquer and a refusal to take any game too seriously—is far more complicated. We can put it this way:

What you need to know in order to go out on a golf course for the first time, or to go out next time and beat your best previous score by many strokes, is as simple as the rules of checkers, which any child can learn in one session. But over and above these fundamentals there is an art to golf that you need to know in order to enjoy the game to the utmost and to realize your own full potential, and this art has as many combinations and variations on a theme as does chess. You will never master it, and neither, I fear, will any professional golfer. The fun of the game, the fun that I constantly enjoy and that you, too, can learn to savor, is in trying.

The harder you work at playing the game—this sounds like a contradiction, but as we go along you will see what I mean—the more relaxed you will feel about it and the more you will enjoy it. Moreover, the better you will play, better than you ever dreamed possible. There is a great deal to be said for the power of positive thinking in golf. The man who contented himself with hoping to break 100 probably will never do it. If the same man starts thinking about breaking 70, he actually has a chance.

I would like to begin by letting you in on the mental approach I use to tournament golf. You aren't Palmer trying to win the Open, but you will see that some of this applies to your golf, too.

The newspapermen and magazine writers who follow the tournament tour think of me as a fast finisher, and because so much has been written about me in these terms I suppose the public has come to feel the same way. I have been known as a come-from-behind guy who just fools around in the early stages of a tournament, then gets down to business on the last 18 holes.

Looking back, I have to concede that an exceptional number of tournaments have seemed to go that way. In the Los Angeles Open this year I was in sixth place, three strokes behind the leader, going into the last day; yet I managed to finish on top by three strokes. In 1962 I came from fourth place to win the Texas Open and third place to win the Palm Springs Classic.

But, believe me, I don't do it deliberately. Nobody in his right mind would want to live so dangerously—and I could also claim there are a lot of tournaments that I haven't finished well in.

When I walk up to the first tee on the first day of a tournament, the only thought in my head is to play every shot as well as I can from beginning to end. I keep in mind another of my father's sayings: “If you don't birdie the first hole, you can't birdie them all.”

I am playing for that birdie on the first hole and on the 2nd and the 3rd. The thing is that I don't always get it. Golf is that kind of game. You are bound to have holes where nothing goes right, no matter how hard you try. (Remember the 12 I had on the 9th hole at Los Angeles

continued

The goal of the game is stated in a single move: the long reach of a smooth, gloved hand down toward the short-clipped grass and into the cup for the putt that has dropped, climaxing the play of the hole.

in 1962?) You are bound to have days when nothing goes right on any of the 18 holes. I have shot as high as 86 in tournament play.

The trick when this happens is to stay serene. One of golf's biggest secrets, and this applies to the beginner as well as to the pro, is to cultivate a mental approach that will enable you to shrug off the bad shots, shrug off the bad days, keep patient and know that sooner or later you will be back on top.

A tournament that stands out in my memory is the National Open in Denver in 1960. I was feeling great at the time. It seemed I had never felt better when I got up in the morning, never been more comfortable standing over the ball. Every muscle in my body was toned just right. The clubs were nice and light in my hands. I knew I could hit the ball clean out of sight in that clear mountain air.

So what happened?

In the early rounds, nothing. I was always on the verge of playing well. Some of my shots were so fine that I watched them in amazement as they sailed away. Yet my scores were nothing to brag about. I made a few thoughtless shots that were costly. My putting was off just a touch. I felt on top of the world, but all I had to show for it was a 72-71-72. I was in 15th place, seven strokes behind Mike Souchak, who was the leader.

Then on the last round the thing that I had been waiting for finally took place. The way I was feeling, I knew it had to happen, and it did. My putts started to fall. I had gotten all the careless mistakes out of my system, and I made no more of them. I birdied six of the first seven holes, shot a 65 and won the tournament.

That is the great thing about golf. If you can just keep your confidence, if you don't let the game get you down, eventually everything falls into place, and you have one of those rounds that you can remember with joy all the rest of your life.

If I am a fast finisher it is because I am always mentally receptive to a fast finish. I play to win when common sense should tell me that I no longer have a chance. Even when I have been hitting the ball very badly, or when all the breaks have been going against me, I approach each new day, each new hole, as a grand opportunity to get going again. I refuse to let up. I will not give in to the temptation to stop concentrating.

When I was in England for the British Open of 1962, I got to talking about concentration with a British writer. We were trying to put the secret of golfing concentration into words, and he began wondering if the golfer's attitude was anything like that of the late Harry Houdini, the magician and escape artist. Houdini, as you perhaps remember, trained himself to perform all sorts of amazing physical feats. As the British writer told it, Houdini was once traveling through Europe and found that a train he planned to take was about to pull out without his baggage. To keep the train there until his baggage arrived, he jumped onto the tracks in front of the locomotive and grasped the rails with his hands. He expected someone to try to pull him away, so he gripped with all the power of his muscles and all the determination he could muster in his mind. When it came time to let go, after the baggage had arrived, his grip

was locked so tight that it took him five minutes to release the muscles. His fingers, when he finally pulled them away, were cut and bloody.

This is one type of concentration, and for some people it works. It enabled Houdini to perform superhuman feats of strength. It is the kind of concentration that many good boxers have, and probably the men who drive in automobile races. But it would never work in golf.

There are other forms of concentration. Many artists and writers like to shut themselves off from the ordinary events and rhythms of life; they work alone, not thinking about heat or cold or regular mealtimes. Then there are people who think they cannot do their best unless they have deliberately made themselves uncomfortable; they have to starve themselves or go too long without sleep or worry and fret to reach a peak of concentration. This is all well and good in some circumstances, I suppose. Don't try it on a golf course, however.

But how should a golfer concentrate? Well, here is my kind of concentration, and how I try to build up to it. As you read this bear in mind, of course, that the amateur who is simply seeking to enjoy a good, competent, soul-satisfying 18 holes on a sunny Saturday morning isn't going to go through the same concentration process that I am. But there are similarities between how I prepare myself mentally and how you should prepare yourself.

When I can afford to do it, and the tournament is one that I desperately want to win, like the Masters or the U.S. Open, I start getting ready at least three days in advance, sometimes more. I try systematically to put everything except golf out of my mind. I do not mean that I want to shut myself away from humanity, and I am happy that my wife Winnie understands this. She would never think of trying to help me by bandying up my two daughters and taking them to grandmother's so that she and the children would be out of the way. I don't want that at all. I would be lost without the normal, everyday routines of life to lean against. I want to be able to concentrate, all right, but I do not want life suddenly to become something strange and different from my usual world.

I do not want my wife to start babying me, either. I do not want her to start shushing the children or bringing me hot tea and aspirin every hour on the hour. If she seemed to be worried about me, all the concentration I am aiming for would vanish.

What Winnie does do, bless her, is pretend that nothing is any different, that the tournament is still weeks away, that I have all the time in the world. But quietly, and without my ever knowing it, she starts to insulate me from anything that would get in the way of my concentration. She doesn't talk to me in those crucial days before the tournament about any problems. If the roof has sprung a leak, or if one of the children has a sore throat, or if the butcher has sold her a bad cut of meat, I never hear about it—not until the tournament is over and done with and life is back to a more normal routine.

Without my being aware of it, without anything seeming to change, my wife sets herself up as a buffer between my concentration and the problems of ordinary life. She intercepts my telephone calls and puts through only those she

knows will give me pleasure. She screens the mail and explains to our friends that we are not accepting any invitations. It is not easy to do this, of course, and it does not really suit my nature. I am a gregarious fellow. I like to have lots of people around. On the golf course, for example, the bigger the gallery, the better I play.

But I know that the ideal way for me to prepare for a tournament is to shut out as many things as I can. It is best that I don't meet anybody. It is best that I don't read the mail. I don't want to have to think very hard about anything at all during these days, not even golf. I get up in the morning when my brain decides to awake. I have a leisurely breakfast, go out to the course and hit a few balls. When I feel like quitting, I quit. If I feel like having lunch, I eat. Then I hit some more practice balls if I feel like it, or maybe I start around the course. If I feel like keeping on, I play the whole 18. If I feel like stopping, I stop. I do it all by instinct. I feel my way toward the state of mind I am seeking.

In the evening, nursing a whisky and water while waiting for dinner, I let my mind mosey along over the details of the day—how I was hitting the ball, how I was putting, the problem I got into on the 3rd hole because I tried to cut the corner of a dogleg too fine, the lesson I learned about how a putt breaks on the 7th green. I am not really thinking with my conscious mind, just letting my subconscious do the job. I may sit in silence, or I may chatter away to my wife about anything that pops to my tongue.

All this while something very important is happening inside me. I hardly know how to describe it. My mind, you might say, is getting cleared out. The part of my brain that deals with all the everyday problems of setting the alarm clock, and driving to the hardware store, and thinking about the children and answering my mail has nothing to do. So it stops working. It quits sending out any messages about unfinished business or unanswered problems that might worry me, tighten my nerves or tense my muscles.

I am seeking what I guess you would call peace of mind. I make it possible by deliberately sweeping everything else out of my brain. Then, gradually, as the days before the tournament go by, the feeling I seek seeps down into my subconscious and unconscious mind; it seeps all the way down into my bones.

I feel right. I don't know why I feel this way. I couldn't possibly describe to you exactly what it is that I feel right about. But I feel right. I am ready for the tournament. I know that I can concentrate on golf no matter what happens. I know I am going to play my best. Maybe I'll miss a shot; it happens to everybody. But if I do I will not be upset. Maybe an almost perfect putt will stop one grass-blade away from dropping into the hole. Maybe I'll get a bad bounce on a drive and wind up in some impossible rough. Maybe I'll find myself so far behind the leaders on the last morning of the tournament that it would take a miracle to let me win. So what? I'm doing my best. I'm with it. If my luck wants to turn, I'm ready.

I am not pushing myself to concentrate the way Houdini did. I am not trying to force myself like the man in the gar-

ret or the man in the hair shirt. I am not seeking any kind of artificial, enforced concentration. I am not trying to repress my natural instincts.

To me, concentration means a total and forward-looking relationship between the mind and the challenge—and the essence of that relationship is not tension but relaxation, something not tight and restrictive but free and easy, not destructive but creative, not the throttling of instincts but the release. When I concentrate on golf in those days before the tournament, I am trying to rediscover my personal resources, regroup them and match them to the challenge of the game.

At the first tee I am ready. I know that I have the confidence and serenity that come from my kind of concentration. Nothing is going to upset me.

If you are in a mood to be irritated, if you are touchy and full of easily injured pride, there are dozens of things in every tournament that can throw you. (And in every round of golf the amateur plays, also.) Maybe the man you are paired with likes to play faster than you do, and you have the feeling that he is always pushing you to hurry your shots. Or maybe he plays so slowly that you have to wait what seems like an eternity between shots.

All you can do is reach down into that inner layer of concentration and tolerance and roll along with the circumstances. If you start thinking irritated thoughts the annoyance jabs into your subconscious mind and your unconscious mind, and then it bites into your stomach and your muscles. All your carefully assembled nervous and muscular coordination starts falling apart, from the inside out. Before you know it, you can't hit the ball at all. Your mental attitude has destroyed your physical ability.

I don't mean that you can walk around the course like a saint, totally oblivious to annoyance. But if you have built the right mental attitude you can live with anything. In every round of golf problems are going to arise. Some of them will be real. Some of them will just be in your head. You have to be prepared to cope with all of them, the real and the imagined. You have to develop the mental approach that will insure that you will never beat yourself; if you lose, it is only because the other man played better.

Once you have acquired this mental attitude, miracles can happen. They are bound to happen.

They have happened to me often in tournaments (and in matches, which are, in a way, even more difficult because you are face to face with your opponent). Let us say it is the 12th or 13th hole. I am not driving as far or as straight as usual. My putts have not been dropping. I am three strokes behind and lucky not to be more; I am not getting any better and my opponents are playing like machines.

The gallery thinks I've had it for the day. I know I may have had it. I cannot help facing the fact that I am probably going to lose. But I know then what I must do. I am below my peak because I don't feel right inside myself. I have let some tension creep in. I have to recover that feeling of total peace. I have got to concentrate the way a golfer is meant to concentrate, in that relaxed and free and easy way that will let the swing flow.

When I succeed the miracle often happens. The club feels better and lighter. I hit a beauty off the tee and sink a putt.

continued

Suddenly I am only I down and the gallery is roaring, and I know at that moment that I can't help winning.

Next day, often as not, the newspapers will say that I pulled myself together at the 14th hole, that I got a grip on myself, that I forced myself to a superhuman effort and made an impossible comeback. The reporters and the gallery have seen my face turn grim, my shirttail come out, my stride lengthen as I rush to hit each shot. They assume I was surging with anger and dire determination. Actually it was just the opposite. I had been trying too hard up to the 14th hole. I had been unable to get into the mood I wanted. Then I finally relaxed.

Now then, I have been talking about how I feel. How much of this applies to the amateur golfer? Much of it. If you are to play your best game, you have to develop this same kind of mental attitude. You have to be relaxed and concentrating at the same time. You have to be confident and patient.

It is quite obvious that you can't devote days to preparing for your Saturday round of golf. You can't indulge yourself in that lazy-daisy beachcomber's life that I find so helpful. I myself cannot afford to do it very often. You may not even be able to start concentrating on golf at the breakfast table. There may be some chores you have to do before you can go out to the course. There may be some decisions to make. There are all kinds of things that are going to get in the way.

However, you can do this: the minute you get in your car to go to the course you can put your problems out of your mind and start thinking nothing but golf thoughts—but not about what's wrong with your swing, or changing your grip or things of that type, which must be worked out on the practice tee. This is a good time to make some strategic decisions. Remember how that drive you sent out to the left on the first hole took a big bounce on the hard turf and nearly wound up in a trap? The fairways are going to be even harder this week, so let's keep the ball to the right. Remember how you misread the second green? There is a lot more break on that green, for some reason, than there used to be, so allow for it.

This is also the time to think back on the results of your last practice—and you ought to practice an hour or so a week. As I will explain later in this series, there are very few principles involved in the golf swing. If you are trying to improve one of them, think about it, but think positively. Concentrate on what you are going to do, but *do not* start worrying about the mistakes you are afraid of making.

It is amazing what you can do to calm yourself, to get everything else out of your mind and concentrate on your game, in just the brief span of time it takes you to get out to the course. Many players, I have noticed, talk about everything in the world except golf just before they start to play. I have ridden to the course in automobiles where all the conversation was about business problems or taxes or the state of the stock market. When that happens I try to close my ears and think my own thoughts. And I know that I am going to beat the other fellows, even if I give them more strokes than usual, because I am going to be a lot closer to my best game than they can possibly be to theirs.

At the same time, you can prepare yourself to approach

the golf course as a friend, not as an enemy. You can develop the quiet assurance that comes from knowing you will do the best you can under the circumstances—circumstances that include the fact that you cannot spend as much time playing golf or concentrating on it as a pro can.

The weekend golfer's greatest mental error, the psychological mistake that frustrates him all his life from breaking 100 or breaking 90 or whatever his ambition happens to be, is this: he starts off every round expecting something to go wrong. He is suspicious of his own talents. He worries.

How many times has a golfing friend turned to you, after three double bogeys in a row, and hegged in agonizing tones, "What am I doing wrong? Am I forgetting to pivot? Am I swinging too flat?"

The minute a golfer starts talking like that—and most amateurs do, at one time or another—he is through for the day. If you have actually acquired a fatal habit in your grip or your swing, you cannot possibly discover it and correct it while you are out on the course. You won't be able to sense it yourself. Your friends, unless they are exceptionally observant, won't see it. What they tell you, if they try to tell you anything, will almost surely be wrong.

This is what club professionals are for. It takes an expert to find a flaw, and even the expert may not be able to find it right away. You'll have to go to the practice tee with him and hit a lot of balls. Sooner or later you and he will manage to correct it.

The chances are, however, that you have not really fallen into a fatal habit. You have simply hit a few bad shots, as anybody is bound to do from time to time, and you have let it get you down. Your confidence is shot. You are not playing the game freely and easily but are worrying about all those complicated and hopeless little details like the weight shift and the pivot. You are tense. Your coordination is gone.

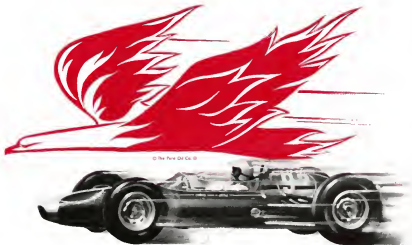
You can get it back if you can discipline your mind once more into the channels we have been discussing. If you can relax, instead of trying harder, your touch will return. Or you can get it back on the practice tee, where hitting ball after ball will release your tension and restore your confidence. You cannot get it back by complaining to your friends or tossing a club in the air. You cannot get it back by suddenly trying to think about your hands, your wrists, your hips and your feet. Simmer down, or go back to the clubhouse, have a drink and a shower and wait to try again another day, perhaps after rereading this chapter and remembering what I will now call Palmer's Second Law of Golf: 90 percent of the game is mental.

NEXT WEEK

Palmer assails the idea that the swing is difficult and explains his own easy methods.

The "strangers" who shook Indy

An era is ended and the old Indianapolis brickyard will never be the same. The Lotus-Ford and the Firebird saw to that.



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The pleasure of keeping fast company

Two slow starts and one very fast filly highlight eight weeks of following the world's big races

Between the first of May and the last of June, a horse follower with a firm resolve, a high purpose and a willingness to suffer in the saddle of the world's airlines can have an invigorating and illuminating time. I know, because I have. During this eight-week period I saw four Derbys, two Oaks, one Grand Prix, one Grand Steeplechase and innumerable lesser stakes and claiming events in the four countries that have longest revered both the horse and the wager. I began with our own Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs, then journeyed to England for the Epsom Derby and Epsom Oaks, went on to Chantilly for the Prix du Jockey Club and the French Oaks, backtracked to the Curragh near Dublin for the Irish Stewards Derby and returned to France the next day in time to see them off at Longchamp in the Grand Prix de Paris. On the basis of this extensive—and somewhat exhaustive—research, I am compelled to report that for beauty of surroundings and quality of racing the French outclass the world, with the English next best and after them the Irish and ourselves. With respect to more mundane considerations, however, like punctuality and visibility, the U.S. moves up in the rankings.

The best horse I saw was Noblesse, a 3-year-old chestnut filly by Mossborough out of Duke's Delight, bred in England and owned by Mrs. John M. Olin, an American. Handled in Ireland by Paddy Prendergast, the leading Irish trainer,

Noblesse has been ridden by Garnet Bougoure, an Australian who is rapidly giving Yves Saint-Martin, Scobie Breasley, Lester Piggott and Braulio Baeza a contest for world champion jockey honors. Noblesse won the 185th Epsom Oaks by 10 lengths, and Bougoure said afterward that the filly could have won by 20. Some English racing writers, aided by hindsight, maintain she might have beaten the French horse Relko if she had run in the Epsom Derby instead of the Oaks.

Of all the big races I saw, the mile-and-a-half Epsom Derby is clearly the most punishing test for 3-year-olds. Although the distance is the same as our Belmont, the Irish Derby and the French Derby, the uphill-downslope course, further complicated by sharp turns, takes more out of a horse than any other race in the world today.

The start of the Derby at Epsom was appalling. A horse, aptly named Hullahaloo, refused to get up to the web-barrier start that European tracks use instead of a starting gate. The race was delayed 14 minutes, and then Hullahaloo was left at the post, after all. None of the 225,000 packing Epsom that day knew what caused the trouble, as no announcement was vouchsafed the general public, who had either paid £3 to get into the grandstand and paddock or nothing to get into the infield—that intriguing locale where gypsies tell a bettor his fortune and hawkers sell such English delicacies as jellied eels.

But once the race began Relko turned in a performance calculated to please any eel eater who knew as much about horses as food. Yves Saint-Martin, leading jockey in France at the age of 21, waited until just the right moment on this gray, damp English Wednesday to turn his long-striding mount loose. Given his head just after the famed Tattenham Corner, Relko moved out like a diesel to win by six lengths.

Relko's victory made him an odds-on favorite for the £66,000 Irish Derby, in which, you recall, he eventually did not run at all. He seemed restive in the paddock but went to the post apparently fit. Again there was a delay at the start, as Yves Saint-Martin marched Relko slowly around in the neighborhood of the barrier. Suddenly we could see Saint-Martin dismounting. About one minute before the horses were off, it was announced that Relko had been withdrawn at the request

of his trainer, Francois Mathet. Then, the moment the horses rushed from the barrier, the public address system failed, further confusing the situation for the spectators. But it was soon plain that Ragusa, who had finished third in the Epsom Derby, was getting an expert ride from Noblesse's jockey, Bougoure. Ragusa took the lead in the last two furlongs, and despite the fact that he had a shoe wrenched off when he was pushed out from the rail and was hit firmly from behind by another horse, he won by an impressive two and a half lengths on the soggy track.

In the weigh-in room afterward, Mathet's face was the color of old burgundy, and the handsome, young Saint-Martin was as stunned as if his Christmas presents had been stolen from under the tree. All Saint-Martin could say was that Relko suddenly went lame and could hardly walk. He thought it might have been a sudden spasm caused by a pulled muscle in a hind leg or by a cold in the kidneys. Mathet and Saint-Martin were both questioned by the stewards, and then they left by plane for Paris where they had another favorite, Beau Persan, running at Longchamp in the Grand Prix the next day.

There was much talk at Longchamp on Sunday about whether Relko might have been doped in Ireland. It was considered suspicious that within a few hours the horse was sound again. He was able to work out on Monday and was shipped back to France by Wednesday with no remaining traces of lameness. But the three veterinarians who examined Relko were unanimous in their verdict that the horse was not doped. A slight muscle spasm caused the trouble.

Sanctus, a strapping 3-year-old colt by Fine Top out of Sanella who had come off the pace to take the \$136,000 French Derby, repeated his good showing in the Grand Prix de Paris to win by a neck from Signor, thus earning \$132,000 more. Since he has won two of the biggest races in Europe, he might well be rated ahead of Relko. It will be interesting to see how he does against both Relko and Noblesse if they meet in the fall, either at the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe or at Laurel in the Washington International. This will be so interesting, in fact, that a man who has spent May and June traveling with horses cannot help but look happily forward to the joys of autumn racing. **END**



Do you have the right kind of wife for it?

Can your wife bake her own bread?
Can she get a kid's leg stitched and not
phone you at the office until it's all over?
Find something to talk about when the TV
set goes on the blink?
Does she worry about the bomb?
Make your neighbors' children wish that

she were their mother?
Will she say "Yes" to a camping trip after
50 straight weeks of cooking?
Let your daughter keep a pet snake in the
back yard?
Invite 13 people to dinner even though
she only has service for 12?

Name a cat "Rover"?
Live another year without furniture and
take a trip to Europe instead?
Let you give up your job with a
smile?
And mean it?
Congratulations



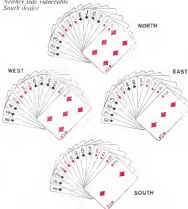
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The ladies find a winning bungle

A standard phenomenon of every bridge tournament is a pair of what the experts refer to as "little old ladies." They frequently are neither little nor old and do not always behave like ladies. But they all have one thing in common: a knack for combining a bit of innocence and a bit of luck to come up with a play that confounds their opponents.

A recent L.O.L. story comes from a regional tournament in Dallas. The victim of the little old ladies was John Simon, a man who plays well enough to captain the St. Louis team that gave our International squad a stiff battle in an exhibition match earlier this year. Simon is also chairman of the American Contract Bridge League's Good Will Committee, so when the following incident took place all he could do was bravely be a man of good will.

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1♠	1♠
3 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead, jack of diamonds

South's bid of two-no-trump helped Simon decide to bait a trap. How could he have known declarer would be able to turn it against him, all because she was so eager to fall for it?

Simon suspected that South held four diamonds, including the king-queen-10, and the chance of setting the contract appeared to rest upon West's holding the king of spades and the queen of hearts. Hoping to be able to set up two spade tricks and to win two clubs as well, Simon grabbed the ace of diamonds and returned a low spade. South ducked, and West won the trick with the queen. But West then returned the king of spades, giving declarer two spade tricks. This also made it plain to Simon that declarer must have the queen of hearts to justify her two-no-trump bid. Knowing his jack-10 of hearts must drop, Simon counted nine sure tricks for declarer: three diamonds, four hearts and two spades. The only hope of setting the contract was to tempt South to try for the overtrick that is so important in match point play. So, when declarer led the 9 of clubs and ducked it, Simon won the trick with the ace! He returned a spade, and now apparently all declarer had to do to make the overtrick was to repeat the "proven" finesse against the queen of clubs.

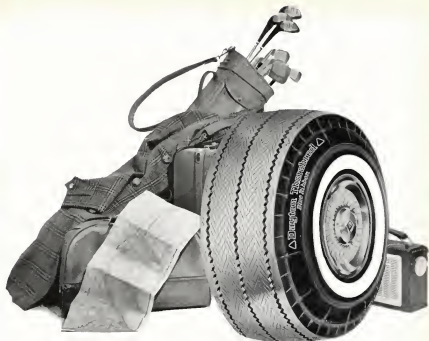
Of course, what would have happened then was that East would take the trick with the queen of clubs and cash the 10 of spades for the setting trick. But South eagerly led a club from her hand, forgetting that she had won the spade trick with dummy's jack. Before West could accept the lead by following suit, dummy sweetly remarked, "No, dear, you are in dummy."

When declarer leads from the wrong hand, if either opponent calls attention to the error, declarer must lead the same suit from the proper hand. But if dummy calls attention to the error, the rules say that the opponents have the option of either invoking the penalty—which would not have helped East-West—or accepting the incorrect lead. The defenders gallantly permitted declarer's lead to stand. But now declarer could easily fathom the only possible reason for such gentlemanly conduct. When West played low she went up with dummy's club king, felling East's queen to make four and an unmatched top score.

EXTRA TRICK

Beware when your opponents seem to be unduly kind. Beware even more of little old ladies.

END



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BASEBALL / Robert Creamer

Boot a few, bat a million

Just as the White Sox said, the key player in last winter's biggest trade has turned out to be a chunky, restless rookie named Pete Ward

Things seem to happen to Pete Ward.

As of July 1 he had made 18 errors at third base for the Chicago White Sox (the team as a whole had made only 53) but two days later he played third base, shortstop and second base in the same inning—which simply has to be a record. If baseball can find time to observe a record for most games won, one club, two bespectacled pitchers (NL—41—Pittsburgh, 1927), it can afford to list one for most positions played, one inning, by error-making, left-handed-hitting rookies born in Montreal, Canada whose fathers played in the National Hockey League.

Ward's father is Jimmy Ward, who played wing on the old Montreal Ma-

rooms for a decade back in the '20s and '30s. Young Pete was born in Montreal, but he grew up in Portland, Ore., where his father moved the family in 1945. Since there is no excess of ice in Portland, Pete became a baseball player. At Lewis and Clark College his baseball coach advised him to keep his hands slightly spread on the bat for better control of his swing. Pete liked the idea so much that he spread his hands farther and farther until they were about eight inches apart. He used this unorthodox grip for three seasons in the minor leagues (SL, Dec. 5, 1960) and picked up loads of attention and quite a few base hits (he had batting averages like .321, .345 and .307) but then decided that he was not



IN BATTER'S BOX WARD IS IN CONSTANT MOTION, SHIFTING FEET, HANDS AND HEAD

getting enough power. Last year, even though he was moving up to Class AAA, he abruptly abandoned his strange style and brought his fists together. As a result, he batted .328, hit 22 home runs and became the key man in the biggest and most talked-about trade of the off season, the thing between Chicago and Baltimore that sent Luis Aparicio and Al Smith to the Orioles in exchange for Ron Hansen, Hoyt Wilhelm, Dave Nicholson and Ward. Since Aparicio and Smith were established stars, full-fledged regulars, whereas Hansen was a part-time shortstop, Wilhelm a 39-year-old relief pitcher, Nicholson a chronic failure as a hitter and Ward an untested rookie, everyone sneered and said that Chicago had been taken. But the White Sox screamed, no, no, the man they had been after was Ward and there would not have been a trade at all if Ward had not been included.

Now, with the season half gone, the White Sox office is wallowing in self-satisfaction. Hansen has been a fine shortstop, Wilhelm has relieved beautifully, Nicholson has hit more than a dozen home runs. And there is still Pete Ward.

The White Sox do not mind Ward's errors. Most have come on throws or easy chances and are what Ward himself calls silly errors. He does make the hard play, the difficult one, and that gives Chicago hope for the future. Ward's hitting, on the other hand, is a present delight. Until the Yankees cooled him last week (Pete went 17 for 0 in a four-game series) he had been the most consistent hitter on the team. He had played in every game, he was batting over .300, he was leading the team in batting, in hits, in doubles and in total bases, he was tied for first in runs scored, and he was second in triples, in home runs and in runs batted in. He looked like a shoo-in for Rookie of the Year in the American League.

For all his ability, Ward is the antithesis of the graceful young ballplayer. He is six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds, but his thick torso and heavy legs make him seem short and stocky. His boyish face (he will be 25 this month, but he looks 19) seems out of place on such a muscular body. Big thighs bulge out his uniform trousers, and he has a bow-legged walk. He wears his outer uniform stockings low, à la Casey Stengel, so that the white undersocks are barely visible. All this combines to give him an unkempt, rumpled appearance, reminiscent of the Gashouse Gang.

continued

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BASEBALL continued

On the field he is restless, constantly moving. At third base he walks around in circles between pitches, taking 10, 15, even 20 steps before settling back into position. After an inning or so, when the rest of the infield skin is still relatively smooth, third base is a rat's nest of churned-up dirt from Ward's wandering spikes. Wasting to bat, he does not kneel in the batter's circle. He stands instead and moves about swinging a bat, whipping it in circles over his head, twisting it back and forth, loosening his muscles. At the plate he never seems to be set. Even as the pitcher starts to deliver the ball Ward will suddenly shove his hands forward toward the mound and swing the bat in a couple of furious little circles. He will shift his front foot once, twice, sometimes three times, as though feeling for something on the ground that he cannot see. Jim Brosnan, the Samuel Pepys of the bullpen, says, "It doesn't seem possible that Pete will be ready for a pitch when it comes, but he always is. His reactions are very fast."

A money-losing proposition

Ward's ungraceful style cost him money at the beginning of his career. "Any club with \$10,000 could have signed me," he said last week, "but I got a lot less than that. So far I haven't made much money out of baseball. I was paid \$400 a month my first year in the minors for a season that ran four or five months, and I got \$600 a month the next season. Then I went up to \$950 a month the third year, and I made the same last year. Add up the salaries and put in the bonus and it comes to about \$20,000 for four years. Last winter the Orioles sent me a contract for \$6,000 for this season—the major league minimum is \$7,000, but that's only if you stick with the club after June 15. I wouldn't sign. After the trade the White Sox sent me a contract for \$8,000, and I signed that. But now I'm looking forward to making some real money. I need it. I don't expect to be a 20-year man in the majors—and I'm getting married in December."

If Ward hits through the second half of the season as he did in the first half, the White Sox will have some interesting discussions of a financial nature with the young man next winter. But if he hits that well, the White Sox will not mind a bit.

END

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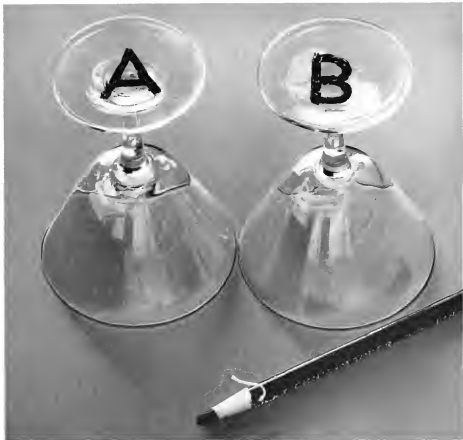
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WITH NEW CHAMP MULLON AT WHEEL "MISS BARDAHL" BOOMS OVER DETROIT COURSE

Two rooster tails wash out a fifth Gold Cup

In his attempt to win still another racing trophy, defeated Champ Bill Muncey was frustrated by a wall of water and an oilman's boat

Washing down" is an old tool in the lockers of most hydroplane racers. A tactical maneuver, now illegal under the racing rules, it consists of deliberately aiming the fierce fire-hose power of the towering rooster tail from the stern of your boat at a competitor's engine in order to put him out of the race. Last Sunday in Detroit, in Heat 2A of the annual Gold Cup regatta, Seattle supermarket man Bill Muncey was efficiently—if not illegally—washed down and out.

In the first of the seven heats that were run in this year's thunderboat classic, Muncey drove his red-and-white *Miss Thriftway* effortlessly around the oblong course for an easy win. No other boat could touch him, and the crowd cheered and the knowing ones nodded. All that stood between the champion and his fifth cup was a determined man in a yellow-and-green flame suit who might have been taken for Arnold Palmer. This was Ron Musson, driver of the boat called *Miss Bardahl* and Bill Muncey's arch-rival.

After one false start during which a boat named *Miss U.S.* lost a sponsor amid a cloud of acrid smoke, Musson took an easy lead in his own first heat, and the crowd nodded knowingly once again. Musson, they learned, had turned faster laps than Muncey, and the excitement contingent on their eventual meeting grew even more tense.

At the end of each heat in a hydro race, names are drawn from a hat to determine who races next. Out of the hat at the end of the first heats came, among others, the numbers of both Muncey and Musson. The duel was on.

With a roar of engines, the two got off to a nearly perfect start, but in a

moment Muncey found himself trapped behind *Miss Bardahl* and a third boat, *Tahoe Miss*, driven by Chuck Thompson. Seeing what looked like a hole in the huge wall of water thrown up in their wakes, Muncey steered straight for it just as the gap between the two boats closed. Tons of water from their combined rooster tails sloshed down on his engine, killing it as dead as an old family car in a cloudburst, and thoroughly washing out his hopes of a victory in what might have been the greatest boat-for-boat contest in the history of unlimited hydroplane racing.

While the other boats skidded around the course, Muncey busied himself trying to restart his big Rolls-Merlin engine. Puffs of smoke and flame punctuated the effort. Eventually the engine began to perk again, and Muncey toured the course in perfunctory fashion. But the water that washed out his engine seemed to have washed out his spirit as well. He took last place in the heat, and the best he could do in those that followed were a dismal fourth and fifth.

Once Ron Musson, the cool little man who drives for Oilman Ole Bardahl, got going, there was no stopping him. "We had the race planned out ahead of time," he said when it was all over, "and everything went exactly according to plan. We changed the engine after the first heat because it seemed to be running a little hard, but that's all we had to do." For those who think changing a \$100,000 engine is difficult, Ron had news. "It takes 14 minutes on a bad day," he explained, "12 on a good."

As for the rooster tail from Musson's boat that cost Bill Muncey his fifth Gold Cup: "I didn't even see him," said Ron dryly. **END**



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All golfdom is still cheering about how veteran Herman Barron, over 50 years young, recently beat out a field of 400 to capture the coveted PGA Seniors' Teacher Trophy Championship for 1963. In doing so, he shot a record-breaking 272 at Port St. Lucie Country Club in Florida.

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IN MIAMI NEARLY EVERYBODY HATES CLURE MOSHER

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

Miami, Fla. is a sandpit eight feet high surrounded on three sides by an ocean, a swamp and Fidel Castro and on the north by envious people. O. Henry once said that Californians are a race. Miami *is* a race—dogs, horses and to the beach, year round. It also has jai alai, which is supersonic handball. Miami's attractiveness is unassailable. Its girls wear the least the longest. Its air is sweet. Its crab grass is ever green. Its architectural tastes, particularly along the beach, are loud, and so are its disc jockeys. They make Miami radio unbelievable. But Miami television is another matter. Miami television has Sportscaster Clure (Serooge) Mosher.

Clure Mosher is an ex-pro football player and horse race caller who, as he appears regularly on WCKT, Channel 7, an NBC-TV affiliate, is large, nasty and opinionated. These qualities do not necessarily set him apart from other sportscasters, but he also knows quite a bit about sports. In his charmingly boyish, insufferable way, he also knows quite a bit about a lot of other things, and he never tires in the telling. He has advised his listeners on such topics as weight control ("I lost 50 pounds, and I owe it all to clean living") and the desirability of residing in Las Vegas ("Forget it").

The television audience of Miami is very loosely divided

into two groups: those who like Mosher, or the minority group, and those who would like to see him swallow his tie, right down to the shirttail. Everybody, *everybody*, watches Clure Mosher. Even Jack Paar. Paar called him "that idiot sports announcer" because Mosher's 15-minute sports show was cutting into Paar's opening monologue on the NBC *Tonight Show*. WCKT was strong for keeping Mosher where he was. Paar was affronted. Mosher was undisturbed. "I've named a few idiots myself in my time," he said blandly. "WCKT," he added, "knows what it's doing." Paar eventually gave up and became a weekly, and Mosher was saddened. "I liked Paar, because he was a controversial guy like me, but after he made that remark I delighted in kicking him around every chance I got. I miss him."

Miami is not quite sure how it got Mosher. Most people you talk to believe he was run out of Chicago, where he was general manager and race caller at Maywood Park. "Malicious gossip," says Mosher. In any case, he is now far and away Miami's leading TV personality. His late (11:15) sports show outdraws the other two local stations combined, and he is to begin a supplementary early-evening show in September. He appears frequently in the columns of Miami newspapers, especially that of Jimmy Burns, sports editor of *The Miami Herald*, with whom he carries on a phony

continued



feud. Miami is right down Mosher's taste line. He appears regularly at dog tracks, horse tracks, in cocktail lounges and on the blotter of the Miami Beach Police Department (Mosher does not drive a car very well). He also has appeared as a horse race handicapper for the *Herald*—he specialized in long shots—and once wrote a guest column for Jimmy Burns into which he breathlessly crammed exhortations of baseball, Aqueduct, boxing, the hypocrisy of college recruiting and Jimmy Burns. "It's easier to write for Burns than to read him," he wrote. Mosher actually prefers to be identified with sportswriters. He doubts if any other sportscaster could skillfully pinch-hit for a columnist. But then, he doubts sportscasters anyway. "What do I think of New York sportscasters?" he answered one caller on his special telephone show. "There are none." He expresses admiration for Red Barber, but he advised NBC viewers to tune out the sound of the last Rose Bowl game "because Mel Allen will just confuse you."

Those TV critics who have seen him swear by Mosher. "He is never guilty of the fatuous smile," said one. "He thinks fast on his feet, doesn't use a script or TelePrompTer and doesn't have to. He knows what he is talking about."

"He tells coaches, players, umpires, referees, sportscasters and sports managers what to do," said Kristine Dunn of the *Miami News*. "He tells them what to do after calling them dumbbells and idiots for doing whatever it is they have already done that wasn't what he would have done. We admire Clure Mosher," she said. "He has never failed to entertain us."

Mosher is 42, 6 feet 2, 215 pounds of hardhood. He has square, flat features, a pouty mouth and droopy eyelids. If he were finished in bronze or lacquer he could be a substitute Buddha in the Horyu-ji temple. His television expression is one of charitable annoyance, as if he had just missed the subway because the guy in front of him fumbled the token. When he speaks it is not thunder, but a sort of nasal bray.

When the Liston-Patterson fight was canceled out of Miami because of a knee injury to Liston, an injury brought on, Mosher said, by poor preflight ticket sales, he referred to Liston's doctor as "a genius." The reference was so syrupy that a man called immediately after the program to challenge Mosher. "How dare you call a doctor an idiot!" he said. "I didn't say he was an idiot. I said he was a genius," Mosher replied. "You did not. You said he was an idiot. I heard you."

The Mosher rhetorical formula is to say nice things 80% of the time and let "that tiny 20% arouse the masses." On those rousing occasions he attacks by innuendo, by intimation, inflection, slur, sarcasm; by land, sea and air and frontal lobotomy. If he does not draw blood he at least leaves a bruise. He is discriminating. He attacks only living things: Ford Frick, the "do-nothing commissioner"; Spencer Drayton and the TRA, "the most overrated group in the world"; Bobby Dodd, Georgia Tech football coach, "a myth of perfection—with that halo he should have been a broker";

Bill Gage, whose "only contribution to boxing was his retirement"; Pete Rozelle, "the commissioner in name only. George Halas runs the NFL. Halas is a pillar. A pillar"; Roger Maris, "the greatest .260 hitter in baseball"; Floyd Patterson, "a fraud"; Ray Robinson, "a draft dodger"; Avellino Gomez, "a draft dodger"; Rocky Graziano, "a bum."

So thoroughly convincing is Mosher that he has been introduced at banquets as "the man who likes nobody." "Maybe you're right," he said, beginning one talk. "I've been here an hour and haven't found anybody I like yet."

Cassius Clay appeared on the Mosher show one night recently, and there was speculation beforehand on the ap-



Sports Editor Jimmy Burns (left) calls Mosher a rude TV

petizing alternatives of the debate: *enfant terrible* Clay would shut up Mosher; adult-terrible Mosher would shut up Clay. The debate did not go the distance, however, because Clay walked off the air, a stunt he was later to pull in London, but under more propitious circumstances for his record as a loudmouth. This time Clay was getting clobbered. Condensed, the action went like this:

Mosher. Our guest tonight—Cassius, get your head up—is called the Louisville Lip. This, ladies and gentlemen, is Cassius Clay.

Clay. I'm the greatest. I'm the prettiest. People are amazed. They say anybody pretty as me oughta be in Hollywood. *Mosher*. You're absolutely right, Cassius. I really do feel you're in the wrong business. I haven't seen you *art*, of course, but I have seen you box.

Clay. Well, I never even heard of you until people told me about you popping off about me all the time. I hate popoffs.

Mosher (reflective): You know, Cassius, there's something I've been meaning to tell—

Clay: You're lucky you're not a fighter—

Mosher: Quiet, now, I'm talking. I was going to say, Cassius, that we've got three things in common. You're from Louisville, and I spent a lot of time there. You lost your driver's license for speeding, and so did I. And the third thing we have in common, Cassius, is neither of us can fight. Clay (undecided whether to laugh or be outraged): Hm... hm... This a joke, right?

Mosher: No, Cassius, that's no joke.

Mosher changes tack, softening the interview. They talk



interrogator, but he keeps coming back to prolong their feud.

about Cassius' folks. About Sonny Liston. About Clay's fight with Henry Cooper. Cassius is lulled. Uncontested, he goes into his routine. He calls Liston that "big ugly bear" and Cooper a "bum." Mosher says, offhandedly, that "if Cooper's a bum he falls into the category of everybody else you fight," but Clay pays him no mind. He drones on. He says how Floyd Patterson "would apologize if he even dreamed he could beat me."

Mosher closes in. "I agree, Cassius. Patterson is one of the few fighters you might be able to beat. In fact, you and Patterson may go down in history as the two who made the most money with the least talent."

Clay is rocked. He fumes. He sputters. He tries to get up, but the microphone is still attached to his neck. It clatters to the table as he frees himself. He stalks off camera. He is defeated, and he is also daunted. The timing could not be better. Mosher turns to his audience and

says good night. At the fadeout he is smiling. Contemptuously, of course.

To be a guest of Mosher has, despite its peril, become no small prize. Mosher is selective. He invites whom he darned well pleases, and if the connection with sport is vague, then too bad. Celluloid horsemen Dale (Tales of Wells Fargo) Robertson and Lorne (Bonanza) Greene appeared on his show, and once he had George Raft. Nobody could remember Raft having been on a horse, but Mosher explained that George had "seen a few at the track" and, besides, "wasn't he a friend of Leo Durocher's?" A guest on the Mosher show is guaranteed no amenities. He has his favorites—Bill Hartack, Paul Hornung, Milt Pappas—and admits to being more tolerant with them, but as a rule you take your chance when you take your seat. Boxing Promoter Chris Dundee is a frequent Mosher target. "The Miami Beach Boxing Commission would license Capone and Dillinger if they thought Dundee could draw a crowd," says Mosher. After Dundee had endured a Mosher grilling one night on the air, Mosher suddenly produced a wriggling black rubber snake and tossed it into the promoter's lap. Dundee squealed in terror, jumped up and toppled his chair as he fled from the rostrum.

Mosher will do anything to relieve what he considers the lassitude of a straight sports show. Often he will cut the news short to give people a chance to call him up and tell him off. This usually means 45 more minutes of calls after the show is off the air. Trivialities—anything, that is, which he cannot condemn, condone or ignore—bore him. "I hate to give the baseball scores," he says, "so I make them short and painless as possible." Much of his mail is taken up with this democratic failing. A lady baseball fan in Hollywood, Fla. was appalled one night when Mosher reported that "there was bad weather in the North, so we won't have to wade through all the scores." She wrote the station manager: "Mister Mosher doesn't enjoy any sport, or anybody, except football, which we have to hear not only the results of but get a play-by-play, too. We persevere, why can't he? Or is he some kind of a nut?"

As a result of this single-mindedness, Mosher's faith in the sports fan is limited. He feels he or she is 1) perceptive, alert and knowledgeable about averages and scores, and 2) glib as a blowfish in more flexible areas. In those areas he shuns it up something terrible every chance he gets, and he gets away with it every time. He once presented Actor Bob Strauss, a stolid type who played "Animal" in *Straus 17*, as "the captain of the Dusseldorf Dodgers soccer team." Strauss diffused his Bronxian patter with enough *ja's* and *da's* so that no one, apparently, was the wiser. An old friend from Havana came to Miami with two lovely Latinas and asked Mosher to "give 'em a mention" on his show. That night Mosher noted the unexpected arrival of "two fine Cuban tennis players, Señoritas X and Y, who have been granted permission to play on our ladies' Davis Cup team."

continued

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CLURE MOSHER *continued*

A real discovery for Mosher was "the Mississippi State football scout who has seen both the Miami and Florida teams play and is here tonight to give us his expert opinion on the two teams." He then brought in Phil Burke, a Baltimore bartender, who has a practiced line of doubletalk and a natural stutter. Burke's scouting report went something like this: "The most important tondout M-M-Miami team is, of course, tinning. For the M-M-Miami quarterback, the tillian best bet, especially when he's rolling out to pass. Lot of nelve. His martlig romby is something to see. But in addition, he's g-g-gotta know when to pleuthe. Pleuthe and valdeqer difference between a good and great quarterback. If he has these factors, tondout can be attenduated. Pro scouts are constantly searching for a man with sundle, and p-p-plenty of it."

Burke's penetrating analysis was quite indecipherable, and Mosher, unable to control his pleasure, broke out giggling. When the show was over, he was swamped by callers demanding penitence for "laughing at that poor football scout with the stutter." Thus encouraged, Mosher had Burke appear twice more, at discreet intervals—once as a former big league umpire and again as a Pittsburgh Steeler scout. After the second show, he hustled Burke across the 79th Street Causeway to the Bonfire Restaurant, a popular trough for visiting sports people, and introduced him to Stan Musial, Joe Garagiola and Florida Assistant Coach Pepper Rodgers. "This is Phil Burke, the ex big league umpire," Mosher said, then stood back to admire the babbling Burke as he confounded Musial, Garagiola and Rodgers with nelves, valdeqrs, martligs and p-p-plenty of ciz. "Before long," said Mosher, "they were right up to his face. Practically had their ears in his mouth. They didn't know what he was talking about, but they were too polite to ask him to repeat a word." Mosher was sublimely pleased.

The *chef d'oeuvre* of the Mosher impostures, however, is the Irving Wasserman Case. Wasserman was an almost All-America halfback at UCLA who was invented by Mosher one night at the Bonfire when he was gently rigging a

regular named Doc Finney. "Who do you like in the UCLA game?" Finney asked Mosher. "UCLA," Mosher replied, "if Wasserman plays." "Who's Wasserman?" "He's their great halfback, but he's got a bad knee." "Oh."

Mosher could not resist expanding on his creation on the air. "I like UCLA over So-and-so," he said on his Thursday night football-selections show. "Big, if Wasserman plays." Finney's modest football wagers became contingent on Wasserman's fitness, and Mosher kept him well informed. One Saturday as he gave the scores, Mosher read this account from a blank piece of teletype: "Irving Wasserman ran back the opening kickoff 90 yards for a UCLA touchdown, but it was called back because of a clipping penalty. Wasserman later intercepted a pass to stop a Washington drive. Score after one period: UCLA 0, Washington 0." Nothing Wasserman did, of course, was ever quite good enough to make the Sunday papers.

Mosher eventually tired of the fun. He feared discovery. Red matchbook covers with Irving Wasserman's name engraved in gold letters had begun to appear in the hands of his friends, and Doc Finney, though dying a weekly death, was becoming suspicious. "How do I get rid of Wasserman?" Mosher asked his director, Bob Althouse. "Beats me," said Althouse. "He's your monster." Finally, one grim Thursday night Mosher predicted a UCLA victory, but "it'll be close because Star Halfback Irving Wasserman today eloped with Bo Belinsky's former girl friend."

Mosher's fiction is effective because it is infrequent. He calls it harmless fun. If his fun and his impiety toward the medium in general chill the hearts of purists, they only warm WCKT Station Manager Charles M. Kelly. "This business of reporting sports like a high school sports editor is for the birds," says Kelly. "Too many sportscasters start out in a kneeling position. They attack with reverence. They sound like they're reading promotional copy."

"We encourage Clure. We don't present just another sportscaster; we present Clure Mosher."

Do Mosher's flirtations with libel and

continued



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CLURE MOSHER *continued*

slander (he has never been sued, only threatened) make Kelly flinch? "I'm over my flinching days with Clure. We trust his common sense, his knowledge. He knows a bum when he sees one."

What of Mosher's theatrics? What about Irving Wasserman and Phil B-B-Burke? Is this good for the station? "Debunking," answers Kelly, "is a form of deflation. There's a lot in sport that needs deflating. With Clure, you just can't be relaxed, that's all."

Kelly is just now learning to relax with Mosher. When Clure first came to WCKT six years ago, Kelly suggested Mosher leave him his scripts before each show. After five days of receiving scribbles that were only faintly related to what Mosher had to say, Kelly thanked him for his trouble and said it would not be necessary after all. Kelly was in Chicago one night when he got a frantic call from the former head of a major network telling him to get back to Miami, quick, because "there's a fellow down here who does a sports show that's ruining you!" "Oh, yes," said Kelly, undisturbed. "You must mean Clure."

Mosher will not be fazed. Many attempts have failed. When he came to Miami in 1953 to start his first show at a small UHF station, his causticity made him a fast reputation and worried the life out of Station Manager Ed Little, a burly ex minor league catcher. "You've got to be more reserved, Clure," said Little. The next night Mosher came on wearing a monocle and a beret and primly waved a cigarette holder. He then read a complete list of soccer scores from England. When the program was over, Little was on the phone. "You're fired!" he shrieked. Mosher, of course, was not fired. "Too many people were buying UHF converters to hear what I was going to say next," he said.

One of Mosher's best friends is Dick Fincher, a wealthy young Oldsmobile dealer who is the husband of Actress Gloria De Haven and who just recently was elected to a seat in the Florida legislature. Fincher enjoys being identified with sports and makes himself available for almost anything. He once asked Mosher to "please take it easy" on the

Orange Bowl Committee, a perennial Mosher target. Fincher was then a committee member. For the next three nights Mosher treated the Orange Bowl Committee as if it were a subsidiary of the Mafia and threw in a few unkind words for the Miami Boxing Commission as well (Fincher was a member of that group, too). "Clure," said Fincher on the fourth day, "you remember that conversation we had? Forget it, will you please? Will you please just forget it?"

One young Miami radio announcer decided to make his reputation by sniping at Mosher. He did for several days. Mosher ignored him at first, then one night he announced icily: "I hear somebody is attacking a lot of things I have to say. Well, I won't glorify the creep by mentioning his name on the air, but if he attacks me once more, I'll go down there and break his neck." The announcer has not mentioned Mosher since.

Mosher off-screen is comparatively subdued, warm, considerate—even democratic. He recently put a man down with one punch at the Play Lounge when the man crowded him, called him "that creep on TV" and swung on him. But most of the people who approach him are friendly, and he responds in kind. "I like the way you dislike people," said a man from Fort Pierce, interrupting Mosher at dinner at the Plantation Restaurant. Mosher shook his hand.

On the final night of Florida Derby Week two years ago, Mosher and a few of the boys were whooping it up over the poker table in the Diplomat Hotel. There was a shortage of ice, and after several failures by others in the room, Mosher grabbed the phone and screamed at the bell captain: "This is Clure Mosher. Get your funny up here in a hurry, or I'll come down and chew it off you." The bell captain promptly appeared, and Mosher took him by the scruff and led him out on the terrace. "This is the eighth floor," said Mosher. "Either we get plenty of ice up here in the next two minutes or I'll throw you off." Then he smiled, handed the bell captain a \$20 bill and patted him on the back. In less than two minutes, two bellhops came in dragging a huge bag

continued



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

CLURE MOSHER *continued*

of crushed ice. Mosher did not take any. He was drinking beer.

In his book *Veeck—as in Wreck*, Baseball Man Bill Veeck describes how Mosher helped break the color line without incident at a Miami restaurant in 1955 by spearheading a party that included Negro Outfielder Larry Doby, then with the Cleveland Indians. Veeck was impressed. Petulant Jockey Hartack likes Mosher well enough to have done his show on occasion. Director Althouse, who has worked with Mosher nine years, calls him "the greatest guy in the world." He says he would not want the expense of Mosher's Christmas gift list.

Still not entirely convinced that to know Mosher is to love him are the police of Dade County. He has been arrested five times for speeding. Early one morning he "fell asleep at the wheel" and sideswiped five parked cars in a line of six. CLURE CLUNKS FIVE, said the *Miami News*. "Five out of six isn't such a bad average," pouted Mosher. A friend suggested that this was bad publicity for his sponsor of eight years, The General Tire of Miami. "Hell," said Mosher, "if I didn't have General tires on my car, I'da been killed." After another accident—"it happened while I was adjusting the seat for my wife"—the investigating officer did not press charges because, he said, Mosher is an "outstanding citizen." Mosher was elated, but Miami Police Inspector Paul Denham was not. "The outstanding-citizen remark was a personal opinion," said Denham, "and does not necessarily reflect that of the department."

Mosher was born in Fort Worth—"and by the time I was 10 I was already well traveled." He spent the first four grades of grammar school in four different cities as his dad journeyed around selling meat. When he was 9, he watched enthralled from an apartment window across the street as his elementary school burned to the ground. "It was tremendous," he said. "Every kid waits for this, and there it was, happening, and I was there." Always big and always athletic, Mosher attended the University of Louisville on a football scholarship. The flame there was Mary

Gene Stuky, whom he married in 1941. They now have two adopted children, Mary Lee, 10, and Richard Clare, 15 months.

Veeck described Mosher as an "All-America" in his book, but that was an error. Mosher was, however, the first Louisville player ever to be drafted by the pros. He spent a year with the Pittsburgh Steelers in 1942 as a reserve center, then served two playing seasons on undefeated Navy teams at Bainbridge (with Choo Choo Charlie Justice) and at Camp Peary, Va. He accepted a bonus to sign with the Buffalo team of the old All America Conference in 1946, but his knee was bothering him, so he quit football, pocketed the bonus and went with his dad as an odds calculator at Maywood Park. He spent one season making the morning line at Roosevelt Raceway in New York. At 29, he became the general manager at Maywood, "the youngest general manager in racing," according to the *Chicago Tribune*. He also called the races at Maywood and at Sportsman's Park and emceed a trackside ABC television show on Saturdays. Speaking out for a living appealed to him. When the UHF station opened in 1953, Mosher headed south.

Mosher is probably the highest-paid non-network sportscaster in the business but his money goes like it had wings. He made \$41,000 last year from his regular show, special football commentaries of University of Miami road games, a nightly radio show and several TV commercials. But friends say that he probably spent \$50,000. He lives in a \$45,000 home-with-pool on fashionable North Bay Island, but it is for sale ("we need something smaller"), and his Oldsmobile was repossessed because he objected to the finance charges. He is a chronic check grabber and a conscientious gambler. "I'd rather you called me a 'player,'" he says, holding a fistful of large-denomination quiniela tickets at the Hollywood Kennel Club. He has been known to pick a few losers at horse tracks, and he is forever borrowing, lending, borrowing.

Mosher once wrote a check for \$2,300 at the casino in the Hotel Nacional in



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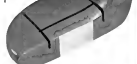


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CLURE MOSHER *continued*

Havana and blew it all in an hour. He asked Manager Artie Newman for some "walking-around money," and Newman loaned him \$200, with the proviso that he stay away from the tables. Mosher hurried back and lost the \$200. The next day, as he floated stomach up in the Nacional pool, he called to Newman for some "swimming-around money," which he did not get. On the plane back to Miami he compared pocketbooks with a Miami sportswriter. They each had \$3. Mosher gave his \$3 to the writer to get home on and borrowed \$20 from a cop he introduced himself to at the Miami airport.

Mosher lays claim to the International Frozen Daiquiri Drinking Championship of Havana. He once drank 68 daiquiris in a row to beat off the challenge of a 300-pound Miami sand-and-gravel man named Tom Kearns. But he had to retire his title, after five defenses, when Castro closed Cuba for the duration. Sports Editor Burns said that the only thing Mosher has not lost in his 10 years in Miami are his enemies. But Burns also says, privately, that Mosher's frankness is refreshing and good for sport.

It was Burns who nicknamed Mosher "Scrooge," and Mosher likes it so much he signs "Scrooge" on wedding gift cards. Burns appears regularly on the Mosher show, and they are irregular-looking golfing partners, Mosher giggling at Burns because of his jerky swing and Burns chiding Mosher because he hits irons off the tee. On the show, however, they are archenemies ("greatest act in the business," says Station Manager Kelly). Burns then becomes the champion of the people and usually takes two blows to land one, which is as good as anybody does in repartee with Mosher. "Mosher is rude," Burns complains. "He butts in constantly. I've quit the show 20 or 30 times. I refuse to go back unless he mends his manners. I can usually tell when there's going to be trouble because he says, 'O.K., Jimmy, let's have a good clean show tonight.'"

Mosher's consistency at keeping an uncivil tongue in his head is neatly carried over to his telephone show. "Pittsburgh golf tournament?" he says, answering a call. "I don't know who won it.

Why don't you call a Pittsburgh station instead of worrying me?" "How old are you, son? You'd better get back in bed before your old man tans your hide."

"I don't know who's going to win the National League and I couldn't care less. I just wish they'd hurry up and get it over with."

"Stock car races? Hogwash. I don't believe in stock car races."

So he can be down on things, Mosher eagerly reads up on things. He buys or subscribes to as many as 12 newspapers a day and digests what he thinks might be pertinent by showing it. He has almost total recall; he plucks batting averages out of the blue as though he really cared. He also has supreme confidence and has never succumbed to modesty. When Mosher's chief competitor gave up his late-night sports show, Mosher prepared a series of film clips of ships sinking, bombs bursting, buildings falling and, finally, the funeral procession of Kaiser Wilhelm. "If you're wondering what this is," he said cockily, "it's the burial of Channel 4's late sports show." He predicted Sonny Liston's one-round knockout of Floyd Patterson and was so sure of his clairvoyance that he parked in a 15-minute zone at the theater and went in to watch. "When I came out," he said, "I still had time on the meter."

Though the parent advertising firm, D'Arcy, is disquieted by Mosher's spectacular traffic record, General Tire has almost tripped its sale of the line Mosher has advertised since he became the primary sales vehicle in Miami seven years ago. "People come into the stores just to tell us what an s.o.b. that Mosher is," says Andy Demos, a company sales manager. "Then they say, 'O.K., put four new Dual 90s on, will you?'"

Mosher recently agreed to a new one-year contract with General Tire. Job security is not one of his motivations but, like the dogs and horses, he enjoys racing around Miami, and he says he is permanent. Offers from other cities (Los Angeles, New York) have been passed up, because "I'd just be working there so I could retire to get back down here." What about a network show? Wouldn't he like that? "No, I don't think so. The nation's not ready for me." **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER Twin rookie Jimmie Hall is a throwback to the time when ballplayers did not come from Covina, Calif., and Michigan State University. They came from North Carolina (like Jimmie Hall), and they were working behind a big old plow horse when they were 6 (like Jimmie Hall). Hall still has plenty of the farm left in him, even if he does now represent Greater Bloomington. His name is Jimmie (not James), he prefers hillbilly music and he still has trouble with store-bought suits—he only weighs 178 with a 32-inch waist, but his coat size is 44 to 46. Outfielder Hall played in just 34 minor league games the last two years, but the Twins saw those muscles and put him in the infield in a winter league to hide him from the draft. Back in the outfield this spring, Hall forced regular Center Fielder Lenny Green to the bench. Coming from below .300, Hall hit .281 in June. July looks even better—last week he batted .387 with six HRs and 11 R.H.s. Green is already worrying about a pay cut.



JIMMIE HALL

THE TEAM Only some things change. Last week the last-place Senators won seven games in a row—but still managed to look like the last-place Senators. The last time they won seven games in a row the Senators were also a last-place team—and Shortstop Ed Brinkman was 7½ years older. Washington had not even won six straight since 1954, and thus time they did not exactly bludgeon the enemy to death. They won one game when the A's made three errors in the same inning. They won two others without hitting the ball—once on a balk, once on a walk. The pitchers were more consistent. Benny Daniels threw two complete games, Don Rudolph a third. Steve Rudek—the old Phillie—got a call back to the big time again and pitched a seven-inning three-hitter. When Don Leppert doubled in a run in the 10th, Ron Kline gained his first victory. (It goes with his seven saves; coincidentally, the whole Washington staff has seven saves among them.) It all made the Senators a much happier crew. Leppert even took to defending the All-Star selections of Yankee Manager Ralph Houk. "I think that Houk is magnificent, a fine judge of talent," Leppert said. Houk had just named Leppert to the All-Star team.

THE PLAYER Johnny Podres has had an odd career. Starting with his first season with the Dodgers in 1953, he has had 62 wins and 37 losses in odd-numbered years; during even-numbered years Podres has won 53 games and lost 47. His 2.66 ERA was the best in the league in 1957, and his .783 winning percentage was tops in 1961. There has been one exception—in 1955 when he had a 9-10 record. Yet that was his finest year, for Podres led the Dodgers to their first world championship by twice beating the Yankees. This being 1963, it was disturbing that Podres finished only five of his first 15 starts and had a 4-6 record. Most discouraging was his 63.00 ERA for his last two starts in June. He lasted two-thirds of an inning in one game, one-third in the other. Then came July, an odd-numbered month. On the first and fifth days of the month, Podres was superb, beating the Braves 2-1 on five hits and then the Reds 1-0 on two singles. Suddenly everything was going fine for Podres, oddly enough.



JOHNNY PODRES

THE TEAM In the inimitable language of Casey Stengel, last week's intricacy charity game between the Chicago Cubs and White Sox was an "extravaganza." For the Cubs, who won, it was exhilarating, especially since it was 17 years ago that they last finished higher in the final standing of the National League than their cross-town rivals in the American. Long accustomed to being the "other" team in town, the Cubs and their fans often behaved like ostriches. This year they are holding their heads high. Among the most ardent rooters is the seven-year-old son of Bob Kennedy, manager of the Cubs. "The first thing he does when he wakes up is ask how far out of first place the Cubs are," says Mrs. Kennedy. After five straight wins last week they were in second place, three games out (the White Sox were third). Timely, if infrequent, hitting and excellent pitching made them winners. "Winning the pennant hasn't even entered my mind," Kennedy says. It has entered the mind of Athletic Director Bob Whitlow, however. Following the win over the White Sox, Whitlow said to Sox General Manager Ed Short, "That was fun. Let's do it again an October." That would really be an extravaganza.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	RUNS	OPP. RUNS	SO	OPP. SO	COMP. GAMES	HR. ALLOWED
DETROIT	6	1	37	38	52	36	2	10
WASHINGTON	5	1	32	14	75	14	2	3
NEW YORK	7	2	52	30	38	32	2	7
BALTIMORE	6	3	34	31	65	62	2	8
CLEVELAND	4	4	35	40	59	66	2	8
BOSON	4	5	45	41	34	60	3	11
CHICAGO	4	6	22	41	34	47	1	9
KANSAS CITY	6	6	36	33	67	41	0	4
MINNESOTA	3	5	33	37	66	84	1	5
LOS ANGELES	6	6	16	24	37	57	0	5

THE SEASON*

	BA	HR	ERA
NEW YORK	Moris .258	Moris 19	Boulton 2.78
DETROIT	Yastrzemski .313	Stewart 17	Wilson 2.41
MINNESOTA	Mohr .315	Allison 17	Panor 3.96
CHICAGO	F. Robinson .300	Nicholson 13	Piazza 2.22
BALTIMORE	F. Robinson .280	Wengert 15	Barben 2.60
CLEVELAND	Alvin .277	Alvin 10	Wach 2.49
LOS ANGELES	Wagner .236	Gardner 20	McBride 3.71
KANSAS CITY	Casali .265	Sachdev 7	Pena 3.76
DETROIT	Parker .272	Kahne 17	Ragan 3.54
WASHINGTON	Breeding .262	Pug 14	Cheney 2.68

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	RUNS	OPP. RUNS	SO	OPP. SO	COMP. GAMES	HR. ALLOWED
CHICAGO	5	2	23	15	26	37	4	6
LOS ANGELES	5	2	37	18	37	50	4	6
MILWAUKEE	6	3	31	36	54	34	5	4
PHILADELPHIA	6	3	39	21	49	46	4	3
PITTSBURGH	6	3	34	21	35	59	3	1
HOUSTON	5	4	26	25	49	47	2	4
SAN FRANCISCO	6	2	30	17	36	34	4	3
CINCINNATI	4	4	27	26	25	45	4	6
NEW YORK	0	7	8	25	45	35	1	5
ST. LOUIS	0	7	15	32	42	36	0	3

	BA	HR	ERA
LOS ANGELES	T. Davis .333	Howard 13	Kendall 1.84
SAN FRANCISCO	F. Alou .287	McGowen 22	Reichart 2.13
CHICAGO	Carlo .272	Carlo 19	Blumstein 1.86
ST. LOUIS	White .254	White 13	Boylan 2.86
CINCINNATI	Fleming .215	Polkman 11	O'Toole 2.01
MILWAUKEE	H. Aaron .210	H. Aaron 24	Lowmeyer 2.58
PITTSBURGH	Clemens .185	2 with 6	Pined 1.84
PHILADELPHIA	Congleton .204	Congleton 15	Culp 2.40
HOUSTON	Fleming .213	Goss 9	Barrett 2.53
NEW YORK	Mori 2.65	Nicholson 6	Widely 2.68

*through Sunday, July 8

THE READERS TAKE OVER

NO SPITTING
Sirs:

As a fan who has watched and followed big league baseball for almost 60 years, I am amazed at the general ignorance of everyone concerned on the subject of the spitball. There seems to be a belief that all that is necessary to the throwing of the spitball, and making a baseball do a dippy doodle, is to get a little saliva, perspiration or other kind of moisture on the tips of the fingers and, presto! *The Spitter Is Back* (June 3).

I can understand that a modern fan, unfamiliar with the techniques of the ancient spitter, might jump to such a conclusion, but for the pros to be so glibly is truly astonishing. Note that one doesn't hear the few remaining oldtimers like Casey Stengel or Chuck Dressen making such claims. They batted against the real spitter and they know better.

Let us get a few things straight:

1) Saliva was *not* the agent that made the ball dive. The substance that made the spitter possible was slippery elm, while the saliva provided transportation from the mouth to the ball. When chewed, slippery elm stimulated the salivary glands and produced generous amounts of saliva spiced with the slippery stuff. While the pitcher always put the ball and glove to his mouth to keep the batter guessing, when he was actually throwing the spitter he smeared it with huge gobs of the juicy elm. Every time the spitter went through to him, the catcher's hands were a mass of spit and slippery elm, so that both he and the infielders always took the precaution of holding a fatful of dirt.

2) The spitter was so difficult to throw that it almost defied control. For this reason the number of pitchers who used it was almost always less than one in 10—and those who did use it had to have a good pitch, generally a fast ball, to go with it, because of the problem of getting the spitter in the strike zone. When Burleigh Grimes pitched the second game in the 1920 World Series, a sharp-eyed Cleveland coach noted that while the Dodger second baseman, Pete Kilduff, picked up a handful of dirt before each pitch, sometimes he held it and sometimes he discarded it before Grimes pitched. He deduced correctly that Kilduff only held onto the dirt when Grimes was throwing the spitter. That finished Burleigh for the Series and also the Dodgers. Grimes was promptly knocked out of the box on each successive start.

Of course it is possible that some pitchers might conceal some foreign substance in their gloves or on their persons and get away with it. But it would have to be something

that would defy detection by the umpire, who is frequently asked to examine the ball. Any pitcher doctoring the ball with saliva or a foreign substance faces severe penalties.

Have you ever heard of an umpire making any such accusation? The defense rests.

CHARLIE WHITE

Staten Island, N.Y.

HORNS OF THE BRAVES
Sirs:

Since the Dodgers left New York, I have been a fan of the Milwaukee Braves. But I had never thought very much of the effect of their trades on other teams until I read your remarks about ex-Braves in *BASEBALL'S WEEK* (July 1). I have since delved through the major league rosters and arrived at a full 25-man team of men who were once owned by the Braves. I believe that they would give the present Braves a tough time, despite Henry Aaron, the greatest ballplayer in the major leagues today. Here they are:

Pitchers (starting): Bob Buhl (Cubs), Joey Jay (Reds), Lou Burdette (Cards), Carl Willey (Mets) and Juan Pizarro (White Sox); (relief): Don McMahon and Don Notchbart (Colts), Ken MacKenzie (Mets), Gene Conley (Red Sox), Terry Fox (Tigers), Chet Nichols (Red Sox).

Catchers: Dick Brown (Orioles), Joe Arcue (Indians).

First Base: Joe Adcock (Indians).

Second Base: Ron Hunt (Mets), Chuck Cottier (Senators).

Shortstops: Andre Rodgers (Cubs), Johnny Logan (Pirates).

Third Base: Felix Mantilla (Red Sox), Ed Charles (Athletics).

Outfielders: Al Spangler (Colts), Frank Thomas (Mets), Wes Covington (Phillies), Bill Bruton (Tigers), Manny Jimenez (Athletics).

BOB LAMM

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

CLUB RECORD
Sirs:

What Gordon Callow says in rebuttal (19th hole, July 1) to my letter (19th hole, June 17) is true. College eights did win at the Olympics between 1920 and 1956. Yet he fails to state who won the six other rowing events at each of the Games.

In 1956, when Yale won the Olympic eights, it was only after competing in the repechage heats, and in 1960 the "lot of foreign crews" that beat Navy were all club crews, except for the University of British Columbia crew from Canada, which is not foreign to American rowing.

continued

Only the first
light Scotch
can wear the
**GREEN
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Andrew Usher blended the first light Scotch in 1853.

His mastery of the blending art gave to Usher's Scotch a unique lightness and smoothness. So greatly prized was his whisky that other distillers followed Usher's methods.

But only the first light Scotch can wear the Green Stripe—the original Usher's, distilled and bottled in Scotland.



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10TH HOLE continued

The difference between rowing three miles at 30 strokes a minute and rowing 2,000 meters at 38 to 40 is about the same as the difference between a 440-yard dash and a mile run. The shorter distance, in track as well as rowing, is as tiring as the longer distance—if not more so. But, still, which of your college eights will equal the record of Standbury in a single when he rowed the first mile of the four-and-a-quarter-mile race in 4:28? Does your Cornell eight today contain anyone like Beach or Goudaur, who were world champions at 40 years of age? I must admit that these men were exceptionally good, but I use them only to show the dedication of club oarsmen who do not have million-dollar endowments but pay their own expenses, provide their own transportation and very often carry their shells on top of their cars to transport them to regattas.

In 1960 it was Navy that represented us in Rome. Last year against the Russians it was Cornell, yet it was the Vesper Boat Club that pushed them home. This year it was the Rattsburgh Rowing Club that led the American college crews in all races, even those greater than 2,000 meters. This year, if it is a college crew that represents us at the German-U.S.-Japanese regatta in Tokyo this fall, Rattsburgh will be sure of at least a second place. And I dare say that of the 26 oarsmen in Tokyo next year not one of them will be out to "earn a letter."

JON S. BUTLER

Alexandria, Va.

DISABLED LIST

Sirs:

I have read some prejudiced articles in my day, but William Leggett's *Bill Dauter, Won't You Please Come In* (July 1) was the worst I ever saw. He says the Yankees are babies and complais and make excuses for every game they lose. Comparing the way he describes the Yankees' problems and then the problems of the Twins is revolting. He brushes aside Mickey Mantle's injury as a yearly thing that shouldn't even faze the Yankees, and asks if everyone should cry because Roger Maris hurt his back and then his big toe (which made it hard for him to walk). But with the Twins it is a different story. "Harmon Killebrew, the league's top home run hitter of 1962, missed a month of the season" is the way his loss is described. I don't recall anything about Mickey Mantle being the Most Valuable Player of 1962—or doesn't that count? Richie Rollins played with a broken jaw. So what, he still hit around .330, didn't he? The Yankees lost Luis Arroyo, and Mr. Leggett asks if the loss of Jim Roland (who?), a rookie pitcher with a record of 4-1 who is out for three weeks, isn't far more serious.

Mr. Leggett's article is a farce.

JON RUTLEDGE

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Sirs:

Who is this guy anyway? Public relations manager of the Twins or president of the "I Hate the Yankees Club?"

ALAN R. PLOTZ

Hempstead, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hooray for William Leggett!

It's about time someone realized that the Yankees aren't the most seriously injured team in the A.L.

LARRY HILLIARD

Westport, Conn.

MV-FT

Sirs:

I have a problem. In viewing high-speed photography and movies of a bat hitting a baseball or of a golf club hitting a golf ball, I have noticed that almost immediately after the bat or the club first meets the ball, the ball is no longer in contact with either. This being so, why all of the emphasis on the so-called follow-through in batting or the golf swing? Perhaps *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has the answer.

ROBERT E. FITZGERALD, M.D.

Vancouver, Wash.

● The value of the follow-through in a baseball or golf swing (or tennis or any swing, for that matter) lies not so much in what it does after the ball has left the bat or club, as in what it does to condition the swing itself before and during the period of impact. According to Paul C. Simms, assistant professor of physics at Columbia University, "The importance of following through can be seen in the simple momentum-impulse law of physics: $MV = FT$. In order to give a ball of mass (M) a velocity (V), a force (F) must be applied for a period of time (T). Since the force that an individual can exert is limited, the velocity that the ball obtains will be large only when the bat and the ball remain in contact for the longest possible period of time." Even after the bat and ball are no longer in contact, the follow-through, according to Simms, remains important because it precludes any sudden change by the batter's muscles that would interfere with the application of the force during the period of impact.

"Imagine," says the professor, "the consequences both to the bat and the batter's arm if, in the middle of a powerful swing, the bat should be stopped by striking a steel post. It is easy to see that it is more difficult now to follow through." A proper follow-through, in other words, maintains a smooth application of force for a longer period of time and, at the same time, it reduces the momentum of the bat in a safe manner.—ED.

YESTERDAY

Sunny Jim Sweeps the Bases

A remarkable record was set in the major leagues 39 years ago. It has never been surpassed

by HAROLD ROSENTHAL

In 1960 Bobby Richardson of the New York Yankees won himself a sports car and a pay raise with a record-breaking feat—12 runs batted in during the seven-game World Series with the Pirates. It was an extraordinary effort, but it hardly compared to the performance put on by another ballplayer in a single game on a midweek September afternoon in 1924. He batted in 12 runs that day, to set one of the most remarkable records in baseball—one that still stands today, 39 years later. His name was James Leroy Bottomley, but everyone called him Sunny Jim.

There never was any mistaking Sunny Jim when he swaggered jauntily onto the field at Sportsmans Park in St. Louis during the 1920s. The rangy Cardinal first baseman exuded good humor, from the way he walked to the way he wore his cap—at a rakish angle on his head, the bill cocked high over his left ear.

Sunny Jim, happy-go-lucky personality notwithstanding, was one of the most feared hitters in the majors during his 11 years with St. Louis (1922-1932). In nine of those seasons he batted over .300—once reaching .371, another time .367. In 1928 he tied for the home-run lead with 31 and won the Most Valuable Player award.

However, the RBI record Bottomley set on that September afternoon was scarcely noted by most of the country's newspapers at the time. The headline news the next day was the U.S.'s defeat of England in an international polo match on Long Island, with the Prince of Wales watching.

continued

MWJ



His longest day

It's his first day on guard duty, and he's just a kid. While he's out there walking post, maybe thousands of miles from home, he realizes suddenly he has a man's job to do.

The tough job of patrolling an uneasy peace. Maybe it isn't a shooting war. But it might be—any time. So he's on the alert . . . all the time.

That's why, in his off-duty hours, he needs the relaxation . . . the spiritual lift the USO can give him. But, to keep its doors open to every American kid in uniform, the USO needs your help.

It's up to you to see that there's enough money in Community Chest and United Fund to help the USO help him. Remember—

He's your investment in freedom. Don't shortchange him.

Support the USO at home and abroad through your local United Fund or Community Chest.



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Sunny Jim *continued*

Wilbert (Uncle Robbie) Robinson was the manager of the Brooklyn team that day, and he was plenty concerned with what was happening. His club had won 15 straight games in a streak that had ended 10 days earlier. Brooklyn was only a game behind the league-leading New York Giants when Bottomley went wild in Ebbets Field on September 16. From a more personal viewpoint, Uncle Robbie was even more upset over the record Bottomley was to establish that afternoon. For Robinson, as a catcher with the old Baltimore Orioles, had set the old record of 11 RBIs in a single game 32 years earlier, and he was extremely proud of it.

Bottomley warmed up with a single in the first inning that drove in two runs and a double in the second, good for one RBI. In the fourth inning two men were on base when Rogers Hornsby came up to the plate. The Dodgers were behind by four runs, and Robinson didn't want the score to get any worse. He ordered Hornsby purposely walked to get at Bottomley. The strategy was fairly sound, for Hornsby was hitting .428 and Sunny Jim a mere .320. But Bottomley embarrassed Robinson by hitting the second pitch high over the right-field wall for a grand-slam home run.

When Sunny Jim came up again in the sixth inning there was only one man on base. He hit another homer, to bring his total RBIs for the day to nine. In the seventh, Bottomley got a single that scored two men and tied him with Robinson's RBI record. Another single in the ninth drove in his 12th run.

Sunny Jim had been up six times and had three singles, a double and two home runs off five different pitchers. The Cardinals, of course, won easily 17-3 and, despite all the scoring, the game was over in less than two hours. That included the time needed to revive the field announcer, who had collapsed on his megaphone while the Cardinals were scoring four runs in the first inning before a man was out.

Uncle Robbie never forgave Sunny Jim for his performance. The next afternoon Bottomley stopped by the Brooklyn dugout to borrow some chewing tobacco from Robinson. Uncle Robbie chased him away, shouting angrily after him, "You'll get no more chews from me. Do you know what you did to me yesterday? You chased me right out of the record book."

END




 50 WEST WALKER STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
 1000 LAKE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL.
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 WALKERVILLE, CANADA

A parachute can sink you when you scuba-jump for sunken treasure

1. "The best way to spot an underwater wreck is from the air," writes Charlie Smithline, an American friend of Canadian Club, "so when we located a shadowy outline in the ocean off the Bahamas, we were sure it was the sunken Confederate blockade-runner we were looking for. There was only one way to know. As our plane circled, we adjusted our scuba-diving masks, checked our parachutes and jumped!"



2. "With no breeze to hamper us, we dropped almost straight down to our target on the bottom. I fumbled with my parachute hat, before I could get free, its fold-entangled me like a huge web. The more I struggled the worse the tangle became."



Another adventure is one of the 32 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."



3. "I started to worry. But luckily my companion had slipped out of his chute as we hit the water. With knife in hand he swam toward me and in a few quick strokes had me free of the huge shroud. What a relief!"



4. "We found some old timbers half-buried in the sand. Suddenly I spotted a barnacle-encrusted object. Eagerly we dug to free it. I could make out its shape. It was the ship's anchor. I couldn't have been more excited if it had been made of gold!"

5. "A boat from the beach picked us up later and soon we were at the Grand Bahama Hotel, boasting about our find over a friendly drink of Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, at tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.

Canadian Club 6 years old. Imported in bottle from Canada
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Now you get the filter you hoped for—the flavor you smoke for—and the world's first Humiflex Plastic Pack.

New plastic pack preserves flavor

You've never seen or handled a pack like this. It's flexible, strong, pleasant to the touch.

This new plastic pack is made all in one piece (vacuum-formed), and with a *humidor* cap. Dip it in water—see, it's moistureproof. You know fresh flavor can't leak away.

The fact is, this new Humiflex Plastic Pack will keep your cigarettes twice as fresh and flavorful as any other pack can!

New team of filters—back-to-back.

Filter #1 is fortified with Pecton. Works as a humidifier to freshen, moisten flavor. You get the menthol freshness you like, and rich tobacco taste.

Filter #2 makes Paxton extra mild. But has the uncanny ability to let rewarding flavor come rolling through.

New world of flavor

Paxton blends Grade A tobaccos with clean, bracing menthol. When this fine

blend is packed, it is moist and mild. And what's more, it stays that way in the Humiflex Pack. The first pack that truly protects and preserves—holds in menthol freshness and full moisture.

The result is a new level of freshness and flavor. New blend, new pack, new team of filters back-to-back.

★

Suddenly, you're in
a new world of flavor with

PAXTON